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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; Without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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WHOLE NO. 1543. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Oct. 26, 1881. VOL. XXX. . No. 42

A Stage Ride in the Eastern Sierras.

There are not many cosier places among the mining camps than Benton. Lying close at the foot of the White Mountains, it seems so wonderfully sheltered, walled in as it is by the foothills, and the little stream running down from the hills through the village is fringed with grass and trees. You wonder what they are doing when you discover that the water is hot—too hot to bear your hand in where it bubbles up from the ground, and even at the further end of the village quite warm enough for a bath; but this mountain vegetation never does seem able to use any of the rules as to heat and cold which govern vegetation in other regions. So, having seen shrubs growing and blossoming where the hoar-frost fell every night, it did not seem very wrong for other shrubs to flourish with their roots immersed in hot water.

The moral status of the place is quite as good as can be expected, where there is neither preaching, prayer-meeting nor Sunday-school, and where there are both breweries and saloons in abundance. The people are very sociable and hospitable, as a reverend friend of my own found out, much to his amusement and a little to his annoyance. He is rather a portly man, possessing a rubicund countenance, which a ride of ninety miles in the sun and dust had made almost too red for the Lodge Deputy of a Templars' Society. Arrived in town, he proceeded to tie his horse in front of a public house. Before this was accomplished three men had invited him to name his drink, and by the time he reached the sidewalk another was ready to do the honors of the place, looking decidedly doubting when the stranger informed him that he never drank. During his stay almost every man he met repeated the invitation, though several felt sold when they learned that this was the minister who had been sent for to perform a marriage ceremony. But even with this draw-back, a two-days' stay in Benton leaves pleasant memories in the mind. The journey to Independence is a night stage, which in the summer can hardly be considered a disadvantage. Just before sunset the journey commenced. Ninety miles, with three changes of horses—passed over, most of it, after nightfall, so that you can hardly see much of the surrounding country even under the beams of the full moon—brings you to Independence, the county seat of Inyo County. Before the moon rose, the ride even over what would be a tiresome desert under the glare of the sun, had its charms. The indistinct forms of the mountains in the distance, the murmurous stillness of the summer night, filled with the cicada's shril piping, the mystery of the shining road running away into the darkness, formed a pleasant and dreamy experience for once, however monotonous a nightly repetition might become. By the time the stage reached Bishop Creek, some thirty miles from Benton, the moon gave light enough to show distinctly the outlines of the new Methodist Church, which was dedicated on the 14th of August last, and is the first church belonging to that denomination, and the second of any denomination built in Inyo county. It is a very neat frame building, and represents real self-sacrifice on the part of the builders, who are by no means the wealthier portion of the community. Of course, it was possible to see but little of the place which seems almost too shady and comfortable to belong to a mining region, albeit the mines are at present attracting the attention of Eastern capitalists, and also the multitude from all the country round, who go again to repeat the rush and overcrowding incident to each new camp.

Thanks to the bright moon, we are enabled to see something of the beauty of Watson's Ranch, our second stopping place, as we ride for half a mile through the avenue of fine shade trees which leads to the house, a real homestead, such as delights the eye so oten in the East, and is so rare on this side the mountains. Day is just breaking when the mail is delivered at Big Pine, and the post master, rising from his bed in the open air, sleepily remarks that it is quite a warm night. Possibly it is, but having ridden since 3 o'clock in full winter wrappings, the fact had not weighed down on the minds of the passengers before. Leaving this pleasant village, which certainly deserves a more euphonious name, we begin to look forward to the breakfast station. Again and again as we pass some little knoll or turn in the road, we look eagerly for the promised resting-place, until at last we are ready to believe that the tales of breakfast are only myths, and are almost surprised when we find Butte Ranch Station close at hand. By this time it is not so much breakfast as rest we require, for we have been riding for twelve hours with no rest but such as we could obtain by standing on the ground while the horses were changed twice, and have been obliged to sit erect every moment of the time.

Only fourteen miles now to Independence; and with fresh horses and an intelligent companion this seems only a little distance, after all. There is much of desert and salt grass to be passed over; many piles of weather-worn lava, where the Indians committed several murders in earlier days, and more than one extinct volcano can be seen, by those who know where they are, before we come to Fort Independence.

The stage road runs directly through the reservation, but a little to one side of the buildings, so that only the flag-staff shows, looking deserted enough. There is quite a settlement around the fort—a store, school-house, a flouring mill at a little distance, the inevitable brewery, and several fine farms.

Now the riotous luxuriance of nature begins to show in the well-fruited orchards, fine crops, and abundant verdure everywhere where there is a trace of moisture. In every fence-corner the willows and wild roses strive for the mastery, and the yellow tendrils of the dodder curl around bush and vine with perfect impartiality. Long rows of trees shade the buildings and the streets as we enter Independence. Far from a lively place is this little country seat, but a very comfortable place to live, with its comfortable houses, fine orchards of all the temperate fruits, rich volcanic soil, and almost perpetual sunshine. It would be hard to find a pleasanter stopping-place than the Blaney House, with its cheerful parlor, commanding a fine view of the Sierras, its neat and comfortable rooms, and the large, cool, airy dining-rooms, where are to be found all the comforts and many of the luxuries of the season. Your regard for the place is not diminished by contact with its people, for they are kind, hospitable and intelligent. At most, the only positive annoyance is the dust—the fine black dust, which creeps all over you and all through your clothing, making cleanliness one of the lost arts. Some of the things you have not will arouse your regret ere many days. Not only the railroad, but even the telegraph is wanting here, and it takes some time to adjust yourself to the new condition of things. You have seen before that there is no church-building; on Sunday you discover that there is no church, and only the third of a minister, whose circuit is eighty miles long. After this, such minor grievances as no sidewalks, and very limited markets, become endurable.

If you have been inclined to complain, a brief sojourn in Lone Pine, sixteen miles further to the south, will reconcile you to the dull, sleepy town of Independence, with its fruits and vines and flowers.

Here sand and drouth reign triumphant, houses are all small and half-finished, and business, except the saloonists, is almost at a standstill. Yet there is life here; the mines of Beveridge pour in their thousands every month, and the ranches near, though few, are very productive. Gaming, racing, and amusement are never dragging, only the life and vigor born of an energetic purpose seem sadly wanting. Truly it has been said that the human mind needs more than art or nature to rouse it to action; for never was there a village built where there was more in nature to awe and stir to noble deeds. Mountain piled on mountain rises on every side, the sun sets in crimson beauty behind Mount Whitney, and bold cliff, many-colored hill and deep canyon combine to add grandeur to the scene; then the long sweep of the Owen's Valley, second only to the Sacramento in size, gives a sense of boundlessness entirely wanting on the plains. We are two or three thousand feet lower than Benton, and almost out of the region of snow and ice, though many of the nights and mornings are very chilly. It is practically a rainless region, and the country is too level for irrigation, except where the water can be procured from the mountains. The inhabitants are pretty evenly divided between Americans, Spaniards and Chilians, with a few other nationalities intermixed. Indians are numerous, and mostly given to drink. Chinese, quite plentiful, and exceedingly saucy.

There is a church of four or five members, but no church-building, and a Sunday-school of eighteen or twenty. What more or what better we may have is left for the future to determine. E. T.

VICTORIA, B. C., October 24th.—In every department the scarcity of labor is keenly felt in this province. Railway hands cannot be obtained. Farm hands cannot be got for love or money, and the consequence is that a very large amount of grain could not be harvested in time. Wood-cutters cannot be had in sufficient numbers to supply the demand, and the result is a great scarcity of wood along the river. In past years it was a favor to get a steamer to wood. Now it is a favor to wood a steamer.

The China Steamer to day takes off a number of missionaries, including Rev. Dr. Graves and wife and Rev. Mr. Holcomb for Canton, China, and Rev. Frank S. Dobbins and wife for Tokio, Japan. The foregoing are under appointment of the Baptist Missionary Board. Two young ladies also go as missionaries to Japan under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church. These are the Misses Orr and Leavitt, from the Eastern States.

Our exchanges in the interior, and also in Nevada and Arizona, very generally speak of efforts to aid the Garfield Monument Fund for this coast. As an example, Weaverville, Trinity Conuty, has raised nearly $100 for the fund.

The Woman's Board
OF THE PACIFIC.

Conducted by a committee: Mrs. H. E. Jewett and Kate Kellogg.

The Eighth Annual Report of the "Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific."

We come, as in previous years, to review the fragment of our history and work contained within the bounds of another year.

Our Board has held on the even tenor of its way, with but little change or progress, except, perhaps, some advance in a more general diffusion of missionary intelligence, and a more thorough acquaintance with the way in which God is leading his Church to final victory.

It will not be unimportant to place on record in this connection the two great religious events that have marked this year of our Lord, 1881.

The one, of local interest; the other, world-wide in its influence. First, the visit of the evangelists to our coast, which resulted in a richer development of the truths of God's word, and the conversion of many souls. And whither shall we look for increased zeal in missionary work but in the quickened life of the churches at home, and a deepening conviction of the weight of those last blessed words of our Master: "Go ye into all the world."? Revivals have developed many a rare and gifted spirit into complete consecration to the missionary work.

The other event which will mark this year as an epoch of marvelous advance is, the Revised New Testament. The precious old truths are clad in modern dress, and read more widely and with deeper attention than perhaps in any previous age of the world. And so it has been a favorable year for the deepening of the missionary spirit, which is simply "telling the old, old story" to those, whether in heathen or Christian lands, who know it not.

Our meetings have been marked in an especial manner by a deep sense of the presence of the Holy Spirit. The average attendance has been 38, exclusive of the meetings in September and October, which are always so largely attended as to be inconvenient to count. This is a little advance on last year, notwithstanding the fact that the rains in the winter, and especial meetings, depleted our numbers somewhat. Our last year's report made mention of the death and memorial service for Mrs. Carrie A. Colby, whose gentle, unselfish spirit and many labors of love, and especially her sympathy with this work in which we are engaged, endeared her to so many hearts. And now Mrs. Julia A. Rappelye Colby sleeps by the side of her friend, in the stillness of death. "Our life is one long chaplet of memories, tender and sad and sweet."

One by one these friends fall by our side, loosening their hold on every earthly tie and beloved scene of labor.

This year, in Miss Rappelye's removal, we mourn the loss of one of our missionaries, one of the three whose names have become household words.

The readers of THE PACIFIC will no more see the familiar name from Broosa, with its enthusiastic, hearty expressions of zeal in this her chosen work.

Miss Rappelye was adopted by our Board in February, 1876. Her work received its first impetus from the gift of $100 by the first Mrs. Colby, who from the beginning bore it unceasingly on her heart, and to whom her friend looked for comfort and sympathy in every emergency. For five weary, and yet joyful years, Miss Rappelye pursued her difficult work of establishing a girls' school in Broosa. She saw the new building erected on the much coveted site in the old city—saw it nearly completed—had the pleasure of seeing her dear girls move into its beautiful, airy rooms, with its modern conveniences and greater advantages for study. Light and room and cleanliness are in themselves an education for poor Turkey, with its darkened homes so unlike those of our own fair land.

But Miss Rappelye, feeling that the pioneer work was merging into the second stage, when other hands could take it up, came to this country to enter into other relations with new responsibilities. She brought with her a little Greek boy, Stephen, hoping to educate him under her own supervision, that he might return to teach his own people the way of salvation. But with the future all hidden from our eyes and God's plans only unfolding leaf by leaf, how changed is all this!

During these last three years, a memorial service has been held each year, and each time for one whose sphere of usefulness was especially large and important.

Miss Rappelye's monument is the school in Broosa, for which she lived and labored these past five years. $5,000 more are needed to complete the building according to the original plans, in addition to the $5,000 originally pledged by us, and which is nearly raised. The death of Mrs. Colby was entirely unexpected, a severe cold resulting in pneumonia, the cause; followed so soon by the death also of Mr. Colby, by which a little group of children are left orphans—*thrice bereft.*

There only now remains to *us*, on missionary ground, Mrs. Watkins and Miss Starkweather; and the thought will arise in many of your hearts, breathed into a prayer, that God would in mercy spare these two beloved ones to labor on for yet many years as in the past.

To Miss Starkweather in Japan this has been a year of growth and uplifting far beyond that of any other year.

The readers of THE PACIFIC, and those who have received "pen" copies of Miss Starkweather's letters, have noticed the account of the great gatherings, both in Kioto and Osaka—"mass meetings" we should call them, for religious purposes. Over 3,000 people assembled in a theater in Kioto to listen to essays on a variety of subjects connected with our Christian religion, topics which would interest any intelligent Christian audience in our own land. Yes, we trust, the day is breaking in old Japan, where there is so much of winsomeness among its gentle people; and also so much of error and superstition.

Japan seems almost ready at once to put on the beautiful garments of salvation. Her walls of stone about her pleasant gardens are levelled—her walls of pride and exclusiveness have wide gateways for the incoming of the "King in His beauty"—her theaters are opened for religious convocations, her daughters are being brought out into the light and joy of the gospel.

Such is the result of missionary labor on that beautiful island, in which we have had some share.

But Mexico, poor Mexico! where the death-struggles of Romanism are seen in the stones and abuse heaped upon the heads of the Christian missionaries, presents a contrasting picture. There crowds gather as in Japan, but not to listen to and drink in the "wonderful words of life," but to oppose to the bitter end the incoming of the freedom and light of the truth as it is in Jesus.

But our missionaries are still unharmed, preserved by Him "who is their shade upon their right hand.

"He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

Mrs. Watkins has a school of over 100 pupils, and is laboring in season and out of season in various ways. A Christmas box was sent her last year, for the pupils of her school, which gave them great delight. We wish to place on record our sense of God's goodness in giving these our beloved ones such a measure of health and success in their work.

OUR AUXILIARIES.

At our last count we had over 25 so-called auxiliaries of older ladies, and about 20 of young people. Some of them, however, can hardly be called "auxiliaries" in the strict sense of the word, because their funds are divided among other benevolent objects. We have no means at hand of knowing what changes may have been made, or what additions to this list. One of the Home Secretaries will give us the list corrected. But we have accustomed ourselves to thinking that we have in all nearly 50 organizations which are interested in this work. 50 circles for prayer and reading of God's working in heathen lands; 50 tributaries, very small though many of them are, to the Treasury of our Board. Surely the stream should be full. Our work is especially dependent upon the faithful collecting of the mites—the fragments, that nothing be lost. We feel that no society on this coast represents so many givers of small sums as this, our Womans' Board. Our Treasurer's figures reveal this. Our appropriations for this past year were as follows: Mexico, for Mrs. Watkins, which includes her salary and school expenses, $1,000; for the Broosa school-building fund, in accordance with our pledges, $1,000; Miss Starkweather's salary, in part, the remainder being provided for at the East, $300; total, $2,300.

"LIFE AND LIGHT."

The readers of *Life and Light* have probably noticed that only an occasional mention of our work appears this year in the pages of *Life and Light.* This is in accordance with a plan fixed upon a year since, by which we were to fill the four pages assigned to us once a quarter. This was done on account of the limited range of topics, as a Board, by which it was thought hardly worth the while to attempt a separate department.

We feel that the little magazine is becoming more and more valuable each year. Its essays, its letters, its "department for young people," its model mission study plans, so admirably gotten up by the "Board of the Interior," take away from us every excuse for ignorance as to the progress of "woman's work for woman" in heathen lands.

We would especially call attention to Miss Starkweather's admirable "annual report" in the September number.

We wish that this magazine, which costs but 60 cents a year, might be in the hands of every woman in our churches. But there are only 200 copies taken in all the States west of the Rocky Mountains for the *probably* more than 5,000 women in our churches scattered up and down this wide domain.

As an educator, as an avenue by which we look away from our own little circles into the vast regions beyond, where our sisters in heathen lands are struggling up into the light, it is invaluable. We would have all our young ladies, especially, read it, and so all through their lives keep fresh in memory, if not the "Acts of the Apostles," the acts of the apostolic men and women who are going everywhere throughout the world, "preaching the word."

THE COLUMN.

Our column in THE PACIFIC is a fixed institution. We hear the frequent remark "I always look first at the Woman's Board Column"; and perhaps the readers of THE PACIFIC "might go farther and fare worse" for good reading. Each week it brings to the notice of the readers thereof some thing bearing on general topics of missionary intelligence, with the letters, never failing in interest, from our missionaries. It has pursued with some degree of exactness the programme marked out at the beginning of the year; which was for the 1st *week* of the month, a report of the monthly meeting of the Board, printed on the Wednesday following such a meeting.

2d. A paper or report from, or a communication to, the auxiliaries.

3d. A letter from one of our missionaries, or from others whose work sheds light on our own.

4th. A miscellaneous paper — which may be an original essay or story, or an appropriate selection.

5th. When there is a fifth—*more miscellany.*

So you see, friends, that "more miscellany" is the programme that has been most faithfully carried out this past year; and as "miscellany" is supposed to have something for all, of course all are suited. But as secretaries are expected to record facts, we must say that there has been a deficiency in the second part of this programme in regard to the auxiliaries, for which we must hold them responsible. We have not heard as often as we could wish from these auxiliaries, as to what they are doing, and how they are doing it.

Then again, there is altogether too much modest talent around; or rather, talent hidden by too much modesty, among our auxiliaries.

We know there must be many thinking, intelligent ladies, whose contributions of thought or information would be of much interest to us, could we obtain such.

MEETINGS.

Our meetings have been conducted on a uniform plan. The regular monthly meetings are somewhat informal, but a programme is prepared for the quarterly meetings by a committee appointed for the purpose.

The time for these quarterlies occurs in January, April, and July. In January last a "believer's meeting" was held at the usual time for this meeting, and so ours resolved itself into a prayer meeting. In April the especial programme was set one side on account of the presence of Miss Rappelye, who had just previously returned to her native land, and to us. She gave us much of the detail of her work and life in Broosa, a name ever to be associated with her in the future, though she sleeps in the dust.

At this meeting she told us with delight of the new building, and of its light, airy and convenient rooms.

At the close of this meeting she showed us a rich variety of Turkish goods, embroideries on silk and linen of great delicacy. A union meeting was held in Plymouth church, that Miss Rappeleye might present her work and the need of an additional $5,000 to complete the building. About $300 was raised as the result of this meeting.

The May meeting was held in Mills' Seminary, and furnished, as in years past, a pleasant May "outing" for the grave sisterhood.

At the June meeting we were privileged to have with us Mrs. Snow, of Micronesia, who told us in the most earnest manner of her work and incidents of her life on the islands of the sea. She goes to fill out her days of usefulness among the simple people who have been her care so many years. Mrs. Snow is supported by the "Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific Islands," whose center is Honolulu.

Miss Cathcart, a young lady who accompanied Mrs. Snow, goes out also for a missionary life on these islands.

We were pleased to see an interesting bit of a letter from her in the September *Life and Light.* She brought us a few words of greeting from the "Board of the Interior," with which, in the earlier days of our history, we were so pleasantly connected. These three, Miss Rappelye, Mrs. Snow and Miss Cathcart, are the only living missionaries whose voices we have heard this year. One now sleeps in Jesus, the others are in their far, far distant island homes.

The August meeting was a memorial service, in memory of Mrs. Colby.

THE OUTLOOK OF OUR WORK.

As we are standing upon the threshold of a new year, we must take a comprehensive look at the condition of the several mission fields in which we are interested, with reference to the work of another year. Our fuller knowledge of these fields, their resources, their needs, their claims upon us, will enable us to determine wisely as to our course for the future.

We were bound to Broosa by two especial ties—our personal interest in Miss Rappelye, and our $5,000 pledge for the school-building. As long as Miss Rappelye had lived and labored in this school, so long would she have drawn her support and hearty co-operation from this Board. The pledge of $5,000 is a debt of honor, made sacred by the love and memory of those who are gone, and who, in the eloquent silence of death, have left this in our hands. But the personal tie which linked us to Broosa no longer exists, and those who have succeeded Miss Rappelye have large circles of loving and enthusiastic friends. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, from Constantinople, are well knewn in mission circles, and Miss Twitchell, of Hartford, sister of Dr. Twitchell, pastor of one of the wealthy churches in that city, will have no lack in the large circle of generous friends in her brother's church. Therefore our responsibilities seem to be lessened very materially in regard to Broosa. Our relation to Miss Starkweather's work is one of much pleasure, with but little responsibility. The Kioto school is, if we understand rightly, mostly supported by the very generous provision made for educational purposes in heathen lands, by the Otis bequest. And so to Mexico we most frequently turn our thoughts, as we are drawn thither by no ordinary tie of duty and affection.

Mr. Watkins, with the lamented Stephens, with their friend Morgan, whose little daughter is named "Edna," for Mrs Watkins, were among the first graduates of our Theological Seminary. Mrs. Watkins, as you all know, has for a long time done noble, self-denying work in Mexico, and we gladly embrace this opportunity to testify of her marked intellectual ability, noticed by members of the Board, at Boston; of her lovely character and the beautiful Christian spirit she has shone in the numerous trials of their life in Mexico. The tie, therefore, which binds us to them, has partaken of the character of a family tie, and we are especially alive to all that affects their success in this their chosen work. Then we feel that the resources of this mission are less than that of any other field. Other missions are the centers of interest for a large number of churches in different States of the Union. It was born in our Seminary Hill, in the fresh enthusiasm of the first graduating class. Again, besides this personal tie, Mexico, as a nation, is to be our near neighbor. The iron horse that will soon speed to and fro between that ancient country and our own fresh, young city, will level prejudices, make us mutually acquainted, and compel us as with the neighbors by our side, to enter into some relations of courtesy, if not of positive friendship. These facts in regard to the relation in which we stand to these three missions and their especial claims upon us, may be some guide as to our work for the coming year. In the midst of the many perplexing questions that arise, it is of unspeakable comfort to read, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not." And will he not in an especial manner, in work for the salvation of souls in heathen lands, give us this wisdom as we step upon the threshold of another year?

J. C. SMITH, Sec.

Bible and Prayer Union.

It is now about a year and a half since the American branch of the Bible and Prayer Union was organized, notice of which was quite widely given in the religious newspapers. The number of its members has been steadily increasing, until there are now more than seven thousand.

The Bible and Prayer Uuion was commenced in London in the year 1876, and according to the latest accounts there are more than 126,000 members enrolled. These are found in all countries where English Christians have gone, besides branches which have been organzied in nearly every country of Europe, and in many parts of Asia, Africa, and Oceanica.

The rules of the Union are very simple. Each person receives a card of membership, indicating the chapter which is to be read for each day of the year. The chapter appointed for that day should be read, and on Sunday morning each member should engage in prayer for the blessing of God upon all the members of the Union.

The chapters are read in regular order from the beginning of the Bible to the end.

It is not intended that the readings should be confined to the chapter appointed; but it is thought very important that no part of the Bible should be passed over, and that all should be read in the order of the Sacred Book.

The experience of many persons is that in these readings there is a very special blessing, in answer to the united prayer of so many earnest Christians.

As we have nearly completed the reading of the Old Testament, the present seems an appropriate time to give a further notice of the Union, as many persons may be glad to join with us upon beginning the New Testament. Cards of membership, or circulars containing fuller information, may be obtained by addressing Rev. T. S. Wynkoop, Washington, D. C., enclosing three cents in postage stamps, one cent stamps preferred.

Home Circle.

Hope's Song.

I hear it singing, singing sweetly,
Softly in an undertone,
Singing as if God had taught it,
"It is better farther on!"

Night and day it sings the song,
Sings it while I sit alone,
Sings so that the heart may hear it,
"It is better farther on!"

Sits upon the grave and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would groan,
Sings it when the shadows darken,
"It is better farther on!"

Farther on? How much farther?
Count the mile-stones one by one;
No! no counting—only trusting
"It is better farther on!"

Selected.

Drudge-Mothers an dFine-Lady Daughters.

Every one blames the fine-lady daughter, and pities the drudge-mother.

The daughter sits in the parlor, in nice clothes and elegantly arranged hair, dawdling over a novel or chatting with companions or friends. Her mother is toiling in the kitchen, or fretting her soul in the vain attempt to reduce her pile of "mending," and at the same time looking after a tumbling baby.

The mother's face is worn and thin. Baby has pulled her hair askew. She still wears the old dress that she put on in such a hurry at half-past five in the morning, when baby woke her from a weary sleep.

She is tired! She is always tired. She is tired on Saturday, and she is tired on Sabbath; she is tired in the morning, and tired in the evening, and goes to bed and gets up tired.

It is hard not to be angry with the daughter, we confess. She can look in her exhausted mother's face, and know how much work there is to be done, and never willingly put forth a hand to help her. Nay, she is going out to tea this evening, and will come to her mother to have a dress adjusted for the great occasion. She casts much of the burden of her existence upon the too generous heart that she does not appreciate, and never once feels the impulse to give the aid of her youthful strength:

In all our modern world, there is not an uglier sight than this—no, not one. It is but natural to throw the blame of it upon the daughter. "Heartless wretch!" we have heard such a girl called by indignant acquaintances.

She is to be *pitied* rather. When she was a little child, all lovely and engaging, her mother said to herself: "*She* shall not be the drudge I was. *She* shall not be kept out of school to do housework, as I was. *She* shall have a good time when she is young, for there's no knowing what her lot will be afterwards."

And so her mother made her young life a long banquet of delights. Rough places were made smooth for her; all difficulties were removed from her path. The lesson taught her every hour for years was that it was no great matter what other people suffered, if only her mother's daughter had a good time.

She learned that lesson thoroughly, and a frightful selfishness was developed in her.

Her eyes may fall upon these lines. If so, we tell her that people in general will make no allowance for the faults of her bringing up. They will merely say, "See what a shocking and shameful return she makes for her mother's indulgent and generous care."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Grandmother.

Grandmother is so old, she has so many wrinkles, and her hair is quite white; but her eyes shine like two stars. Yes, they are much more beautiful; they are so mild, so blessed to look into. And she can tell the most delightful stories; and she has a dress of thick silk that rustles; it is covered with large flowers.

Grandmamma knows so much, for she lived long before papa and mamma, that is certain. Grandmamma has a psalm-book with thick silver clasps, and she reads in it often; in it lies a rose; it is quite pressed and dry. It is not so fine as the roses she has in the vase, and yet she always smiles most kindly at it; there even come tears in her eyes. How can it be that grandmamma always looks so fondly upon the withered rose in that old book? Do you know? Each time that grandmamma's tears fall upon the flower its color revives, it freshens again, and the whole room is filled with the scent of it; the walls disappear as though they were only fog, and all around is the green, beautiful wood, with the sun shining through the leaves, and grandmamma—yes, she is quite young! She is a beautiful girl with golden locks and blooming cheeks, engaging and lovely; no rose is more fresh; yet the eyes, the mild, blessed eyes, they are still grandmamma's. By her side is seated a youth—so young, so handsome and strong! He offers her the rose, and she smiles, but not thus smiles gradmamma! Yes—the smile comes. He is gone; many forms pass by; the handsome youth is gone, the rose lies in the psalm-book, and grandmamma—yes, there she sits as an old lady, gazing at the withered rose that lies in the book.

Now, grandmamma is dead. She sat in the easy-chair, and told a long, long, delightful story. "And now it is over," she said, "and I am quite weary; let me sleep a little." Then she lay back, drew a heavy sigh, and slept; but became more and more still, and her face was so full of peace and joy, and it was as if the sun had shined upon it; then they said she was dead.

She was laid in the black coffin, enshrouded in pure white linen; she looked so beautiful, and yet her eyes were closed. But all the wrinkles were gone; a sweet smile played on her mouth; her hair was so silver white, so honorable, no one could be afraid to look at her; it was still the same benign, kind grandmamma. And the psalm-book was laid under her head as she herself had desired, and the rose lay in the old book; and so they buried her.

On the grave, close under the church-wall, they planted a rose-tree, and it stood full of blossoms; the nightingale sang over it, and from within the church the organ played the most beautiful psalms in the book that lay under her head. And the moon shone right down upon the grave; but the dead was not there; every child could fearlessly go there at night and pluck a rose, there by the churchyard-wall.

One that is dead knows more than all we living know; the dead know the dread we should feel at anything so strange as that they should come to us; the dead are better than we all, and so they do not come. There is earth over the coffin, there is earth in it. The psalm-book with its leaves is dust, the rose with its associations has crumbled into dust; but above, fresh roses bloom—above, the nightingale sings, and the organ plays; one thinks of the old grandmother, with the mild eyes ever young.

Eyes can never die! Ours shall one day see her, young and beautiful, as when for the first time she kissed the fresh red rose that lieth now in dust in the grave.—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

Shampooing.

When the barber kindly informs his patient that his hair is very badly filled with dandruff, and proposes to shampoo it as a remedy, it is safe to say "No," most positively; the majority of barbers use as a shampooing liquid, either solution of "salts of tartar" alone, or mixed with borax. They are probably not aware that "salts of tartar" is but a name for purified potash. When a solution of this is put upon the head it combines with the natural oil of the hair and scalp, and forms a soap which makes a dense lather in the hair; this is washed out, and while it effectually removes the dandruff and dust, it has also removed the oil which is needed to keep the hair in a healthy condition. Avoid all such shampooing. A teaspoonful of powdered borax in a quart of water forms a safe shampooing liquid, but still better is the yolk of an egg, worked thoroughly into the hair, applying a little at a time, and then washing it out. The egg will leave the hair surprisingly clean, and the scalp soft and free from dandruff.—*American Agriculturist.*

A Southern Tribute to Garfield.

Gen. G. W. Gordon, an ex-Confederate, in his address on President Garfield at Memphis, paid the following remarkable tribute to his character and memory:

While his steps were in the dust, his eyes were on the stars. By courage, toil, talent, integrity and sobriety, he fought his way, single-handed and alone, from the hovel to the White House. By these instrumentalities he passed from the humblest to the highest station, not only in his own country, but, I submit, to the most noble, exalted and enviable position to-day held by any citizen of the world. And, although he ascended from a level so low to an eminence so high, it did not dazzle him nor lessen his humility. He was one of the few men of the world's great history whom prosperity humbles and adversity strengthens. I had rather possess the emotion, the culture, the oratory, and the genius of Garfield than all the blood-stained laurels that ever Cæsar tore from the livid brows of fallen kings, or all the jewels that ever Hannibal stripped from the frozen fingers of his slaughtered knights. The wisdom, moderation and reform overshadowed in his brief administration were daily widening his influence and popularity, especially with the people of the South, and we hoped that he was hastening the day when we could all feel and say, we have but one flag, one union, one country, and one President.

Prince Bismarck's Confession of Faith.

Here is Bismarck's confession of faith, extracted from a late number of the *North American Review:* "Were I no longer a Christian, I would not remain an hour in the king's service. If I did not obey God, if I did not count upon Him, I should certainly pay no homage to earthly masters. I should have to live, of course: I should be in a good enough position, and should have no need of them. Why should I fret and toil unceasingly in this world, and expose myself to perplexities and ill-usage, if I did not feel that I must do my duty? I have a firm, unshaken faith in a life after death—therefore am I a Royalist, otherwise I should be a Republican. If I did not believe in a divine order which has destined the German nation for something good and great, I would forthwith go out of the diplomatic business, or I would never have entered it. To what original to ascribe the sense of duty I know not, except to God. Orders and titles have no charms for me. The firm stand that for ten years I have taken against all possible absurdities of the court, I owe purely to my decided faith. Take from me this faith, and you take from me my country. If I were not a Christian and a firm believer, if I had not the miraculous basis of religion, you would never have had such a chancellor. Give me a successor on this basis, and I retire at once. Take away from me my relation to God, and I am the man to pack up to-morrow and be off for Varzin to grow my oats. I have then no king, and why? If it were not God's command, why should I submit to these Hohenzollerns? They are a Swabian family, no better than my own, and I should have no interest in them. (Read 1 John v. 4, 5.)"

There was a net reduction in the cost of the star route and steamboat naval service during the mouth of September, of $63,478.

The Story of a Millionaire.

Nearly eighty years ago a poor boy, about eight years of age, began his business life by vending cakes in the streets of Kidderminster. On Thursday, June 16, 1881, that whilom cake-merchant died at Erdington, near Birmingham, full of years and honors, a millionaire in fortune, but leaving behind him what is more priceless than untold gold, the reputation of a blameless life, and vast educational establishments built under his own personal inspection and endowed at his sole cost.

Born on the 23d of February, 1795, in Mill street, Kidderminster, Josiah Mason was the second son of a poor carpet weaver, so poor that he could only afford to send his child for a few months to a dame-school in the cottage next his own; and, as we have said, at 8 years old the boy was compelled to face the world on his own account, selling cakes from door to door. After a time he ventured on a higher flight, and having procured a donkey, with paniers, he pursued the calling of a dealer in fruits and vegetables, till he had reached his 15th year. Tired of street life, and largely influenced by a desire to tarry at home with a sick brother, Josiah taught himself shoemaking; but, as he often said in after-life, although he used the best leather and put into it his best work, he could not make it pay, and so gave it up. Meanwhile he had been trying hard at self-improvement, being helped to a knowledge of the art of writing by attendance at various Sunday-schools.

From 15 to 20, he tried his hand successfully at various occupations, including shop-keeping, baking, carpentering, blacksmith's work, house-painting, and finally his father's old trade of carpet-weaving. Resolved to try a wider field for enterprise, he removed to Birmingham, where he fell in love with and married his cousin, Anne Griffith, a union prolonged in mutual confidence and happiness fifty-three years. Some one who knew his character and circumstances took him to Mr. Harrison, split-ring manufacturer, of Lancaster street, Birmingham, saying, "This is the very man you want." Mr. Harrison, disappointed probably by many previous applicants, rather coldly remarked, "I have had a good many young men come here, but they were afraid of dirtying their fingers." Young Mason, who had been standing quietly in the background, raised his hands, and, looking at his extended fingers, said, with a quaint humor that characterized him throughout life, "Are you ashamed of dirtying yourselves to get your own living?" This unstudied touch of nature so impressed Mr. Harrison that he at once closed with his visitor, to whom he sold his business twelve months later for £500, Mr. Mason being able to pay for it out of his first year's profits.

The story of Josiah Mason's business life thenceforward reads like a chapter from a fairy tale. Inventing a machine for beveling hoop rings, he so reduced the cost and increased the speed of manufacturing them that a clear gain of £1,009 resulted from its first year's use. The first machine so constructed was made in 1825, and was until very recently still in use in the large works at Lancaster street. To the split-ring trade Mr. Mason quickly added that of making steel pens. James Perry, of Manchester and London, had been the first maker of these, preceding by a short time the earliest Birmingham makers. The two latter had begun to make the slit in their pens by machinery, while in Mr. Perry's the slit was made by means of a hammer. At that time nine pens were sold upon a card for three and sixpence; and one of these falling into Josiah Mason's hands, he set about devising improvements, and the same evening made three pens, which he sent in a letter—for which he had to pay ninepence postage—to Mr. Perry. That gentleman at once saw the value of the improvement, hastened to Birmingham, and had an interview with Mr. Mason, who from that time onward became the sole maker of the pens sold under Perry's name. The trade at first was of very modest proportions, the old account-books showing that in 1829 and 1830 orders were executed by twenty or thirty gross at a time, from which the concern grew until Mr. Mason became the largest pen maker in the world. In 1830 twelve work-people were employed in Lancaster street, and 112 pounds of steel were thought a large quantity to roll for a week's consumption. In 1874, toward the close of Mr. Mason's connection with the works, nearly a thousand persons were employed, the quantity of steel rolled every week for pen-making exceeded three tons, and about sixty tons of pens were constantly in movement throughout the building, in one or other of the many stages of manufacture. The significance of these figures will be better understood when we add that there are probably a million and a half of pens to a ton.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Mr. Henry F. Durant, the founder of Wellesley College and formerly a prominent member of the Massachusetts Bar, is dead. Mr. Durant's name was originally Henry Welles Smith; but he changed it, according to law, in order to avoid confusion with several others of the same name. Mr. Durant graduated at Harvard University, in 1841, and entered the law office of General B. F. Butler as a student. He rapidly obtained a prominent position at the Bar, which he maintained until he withdrew from practice, in 1862. His property is variously estimated between $500,000 and $1,500,000. He leaves a widow, his only child dying some years ago. Wellesley College, which was founded through Mr. Durant's generosity, was opened in 1875, costing him about $100,000. Since that period he has contributed at least $5,000 yearly toward the support of the institution.

The shades of night were falling fast, when through a rural paper cast, we foun a dozen puffs so nice, and garnished wit that sweet device—Taffy.

How to Love God.

In a beautiful New England village a young boy lay very sick, drawing near to death and very sad. His heart longed for a treasure which he knew had never been his, and which was worth more to him now than all the gold of all the western mines. One day I sat down by him, took his hand, and, looking in his troubled face, asked him what made him so sad.

"Uncle," said he, "I want to love God. Won't you tell me how to love God?"

I cannot describe the piteous tones in which he said these words and the look of trouble which he gave me. I said to him:

"My boy, you must trust God first, and then you will love him without trying to at all."

With a surprised look he exclaimed:

"What did you say?"

I repeated the exact words again, and I shall never forget how his large, hazel eyes opened on me, and his cheeks flushed as he slowly said:

"Well, I never knew that before. I always thought that I must love God first before I had any right to trust him."

"No, my dear boy," I answered; 'God wants us to trust him; that is what Jesus always asks us to do first of all, and he knows that as soon as we trust him we shall begin to love him. That is the way to love God, to put your trust in him first of all." Then I spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, and how God sent him that we might believe in him, and how, all through his life, he tried to win the trust of men; how grieved he was when men would not believe in him, and every one who believed came to love without trying to at all.

He drank in all the truth, and simply saying, "I will trust Jesus now," without an effort put his young soul in Christ's hands that very hour; and so he came into the peace of God which passeth understanding, and lived in it calmly and sweetly to the end. None of all the loving friends who watched over him during the remaining weeks of his life doubted that the dear boy had learned to love God without trying to, and that dying he went to him whom, not having seen, he had loved.—*Illustrated Weekly.*

A Lawyer on Preaching.

I have been a listner to sermons for fifty years, and either I have changed or there has been a great change for the worse in the delivery of the Gospel message. There is less earnestness, less directness, less logical power and less study, than there was thirty years ago; and, as a necessary consequence, the general style of sermons has become diffuse, if not superficial, and the result less efficient. If I am right in this, we have an important fact to be dealt with, and it ought to be removed or greatly modified, and that immediately.

What is the remedy? Let the ministers of the Gospel review their past history, and return as soon as it is possible to the good old paths of their fathers, and preach the Bible in all its simplicity and grandeur.

No pulpit orator can hope to create much interest in his audience unless he follows his text closely, and he must advance nothing that does not tend directly to illustrate his main proposition; and when his argument is finished, he should not spend half an hour, more or less, in restating his propositions.

Many ministers deliver finely written, and even classical discourses, on very solemn subjects, but they are essays merely; and their effect is to lower the standard of Christian character and the dignity and glory of the ministry.

In the pulpit the stimulus for the exercise of the mental power is the love of men's souls and of fame, common to the race. At the bar, the mental powers are wonderfully excited by a powerful antagonist—whereas the minister must get his inspiration from a higher and unseen source.

But another cause of the partial failure of the ministry consists in the omission, by some of its members, to preach the Bible. Some preach literature, some government politics, and some pure politics. The effect of this mode of preaching is not confined to the churches where this is practiced, but it insensibly pervades all other churches and communities; hence the long catalogue of spiritualism, infidelity, and transcendentalism, and all the dreadful isms of the day.

Conclusion: Let every Christian minister rise up to the full measure of his duty and his power of doing good, and we shall find a change for the better.—*New York Observer.*

Matching Him.

On one occasion, while visiting the poor, Dr. Guthrie, who was equal to any emergency, came to the door of an Irish Roman Catholic, who was determined that the doctor should not enter his house.

"You must not come in here," said the Irishman, "you are not wanted."

"My friend," said the doctor, "I'm going round my parish to become acquainted with the people, and have called on you only as a parishioner."

"It don't matter," said Paddy, "you shan't come in here," and lifting the poker he said, "If yer come in here I'll knock yer down."

Most men would have retired, or tried to reason; the doctor did neither, but drawing himself up to his full height, and looking the Irishman in the face, said: "Come, now, that's too bad. Would you strike a man unarmed? Hand me the tongs, and then we shall be on equal terms."

The man looked at him in great amazement, and then said, "Och, sure; you're a square man for a minister! Come inside." And feeling rather ashamed of his conduct, he laid down the poker.

The doctor entered, and when he arose to go, Pat shook his hand warmly, and said, "Be sure, sir, don't pass my door again without giving me a call."

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How to get a child to acquire a taste for reading is a very important question for every parent. It is useless to tell it how useful it is to be able to read or even how delightful, unless some delightful book is placed in the child's hand. We have never seen a book so likely to interest a young beginner as the "Cats' Arabian Nights." It is brimful of funny stories, and profusely illustrated with very pretty pictures. Everything about the book is calculated to attract the child's attention. He will also learn considerable about cats; what are their habits, and how they ought to be treated. The author manifests a great deal of inventive genius, and deserves the thanks of all parents who have children just beginning to read. The first thing is to beget in the children a taste for reading, then may be placed in their hands books worth reading. This book is harmless and amusing. It will attract the attention and delight the child. By the time he has gone through with this, he will be in a fair way to become a reader, and ready for more substantial and instructive books. The idea of the book is a black cat become king, and ordering to kill all yellow and spotted ones. But a white cat interests him so much with her stories that he not only spares her life but also recalls his decree for her sake and spares all.

THE PROBLEM OF RELIGIOUS PROGRESS. By Daniel Dorchester, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt.

We never met a book that caused so much sadness, and yet made us so glad. The author seems to have gathered in a heap all the evil that is done under the sun, till by reading we ask, can this be true? Is humanity guilty of all this? The black brush has been used to show that the author is not afraid to meet Adventists who daily croak that the world is growing worse, and that the Holy Spirit of God cannot bring it to right. That Jesus Christ must come again in person to redeem the world. Poor souls; shutting their eyes to the logic of facts, and thinking themselves wise, they have become fools. They pervert Scriptures more than any set of interpreters or skeptics, who expect daily to hear of the death of Christianity, but who will themselves die and their writings be placed on the upper shelves of the Antiquarium, with no one caring to read them, any more than they do those of their predecessors, from Celsus and Porphyry to Voltaire, and even Strauss; or even our liberal thinkers, who will be called Christians, and want to enter our churches, though persisting to deny the Lord who redeemed them, and the faith once delivered to the saints; or even the Roman Catholics, whose large buildings are seen in all populous places, and who sometimes dream of possessing the United States, and who frighten some weak Protestants with the thought that the Roman beast will sometime rule America. Dr. Dorchester gives all these ample scope, and even goes beyond any of them in his charges against the so-called Protestant and Christian Church. But having allowed everything that an opponent can ask, he turns the tables upon them, and proves that the present age is better, in faith, morals, spiritual vitality, education and social influences, than any previous age in the history of the world. He also proves that Protestant Christianity has progressed more during this century than any previous period. That it has left infidelity, freethinking, and Roman Catholicism far behind in Great Britain and America. He shows that the Roman Catholics are continually losing instead of gaining in numbers in America. According to the statement of their own writers, reckoning those who have emigrated here from Catholic countries, and the descendants of Roman Catholics in America, since 1800, they ought to have been more than 24,000,000; instead of that, they cannot produce much more than 6,000,000. This shows that they have lost 18,000,000 sheep in the wilds of America in less than a hundred years. Not a very good showing for the diligence and watchfulness of the shepherds, nor very hopeful of subjugating America soon to the Pope. Orthodox Protestants were, in 1800, 24 per cent. of the whole population, and in 1880, 70.003 per cent. The Roman Catholics, Liberal Christians and Non-Church-Goers, were, in 1800, 75.94 per cent., and in 1880, only 30 per cent of the whole population. A good showing for Evangelical religion. Protestants have increased more in the number of churches, ministers, communicants, colleges, missions among the heathen, and also political influence, Bible distribution, and day schools. It is singular the book says nothing about Sabbath-schools, which are peculiarly a Protestant institution, and doing so much for evangelical Christianity. We would like to quote page after page of this wonderful book. But it must be read through to be appreciated. It caused us to thank God heartily, and take courage. We are evidently nearing the millennial day.

This is truly a reading age. Nearly every home has its papers, secular and religious. Many families take also a monthly magazine. Books are bought or borrowed. At cheap rates every news-stand supplies reading matter. False tastes and bad habits in the reading to which our people, old and young, incline will silently and steadily and certainly neutralize the ablest efforts of the pulpit, and the wisest instructions of the Sunday-school. It is the height of unwisdom to build up with one hand and to allow two or three forces which we could control to tear down our building. But this is the very thing which every minister is doing who, with earnestness in the pulpit and fidelity in the Sunday-school, fails also to control the personal, social, literary and educational forces which are influencing society three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. One may teach a child the very essence of evangelical doctrines on Sabbath, but all these may be in vain if one's teaching does not bring him into sympathy with every part of the Church; if one's influence does not put him into direct communication with the pastor; if one does not give him right aims in every-day life; cultivate elevating tastes in reading; give him ambition to improve his intellectual powers by some educational effort; bring him into helpful society; guard him against evil companionships through the week; and in every other way conceivable build up his life as a unit, every part of it, secular as well as religious being under the divine supervision and subject to divine law. The very recreations (so-called "amusements") of life have their moral complexion and influence. They may destroy the good work we seek on Sabbath to accomplish. To denounce them utterly is folly. To control them wisely and in the interest of the true recreation in connection with the Gospel which proclaims "a new creation," this is wisdom.—*Dr. J. H. Vincent.*

How a Scoffer was Silenced.

The Rev. Joel Benedict, father of the late Erastus C. Benedict of New York, was many years ago pastor of the church in Delhi, N. Y., where lived General Erastus Root, who was a notorious scoffer, and never lost an opportunity to hit the dominie, who for his part thought discretion the better part of valor, and avoided him. One day the General was disposed to have some fun at the minister's expense, and invited him to tea. The invitation was accepted, and the minister came. Hardly had he entered the house before his host, with that disregard of politeness for which infidels are generally distinguished, began his accustomed flings at religion and at ministers, of which his guest took no notice. But the assaults became more pointed and insulting, until Mr. Benedict concluded that forbearance was no longer a virtue, and quietly remarked:

"Gen. Root, you remind me of Uncle Toby's dog."

"Well, what of Uncle Toby's dog?"

"Nothing; only he had a habit of always barking at the black coats."

"Humph! What did he bark at the black coats for?"

"Oh, I suppose it was because he was a puppy!"

It is said that ever after Gen. Root treated Mr. Benedict with the utmost respect. That one lesson was sufficient.—*Selected.*

The Lock.

A lock was shown to Gotthold, constructed of rings, which were severally inscribed with certain letters, and could be turned round until the letters represented the name Jesus. It was only when the rings were disposed in this manner that the lock could be opened. The invention pleased him beyond measure, and he exclaimed, "O that I could put such a lock as this upon my heart!"

Our hearts are already locked, no doubt, but generally with a lock of quite another kind. Many need only to hear the words, *gain, hanor, pleasure, riches, revenge,* and their hearts open in a moment, whereas to the Saviour, and to his holy name, it continues shut. Lord Jesus, engrave thou thy name with thine own finger upon my heart, that it may remain closed to worldly joy and worldly pleasure, self-interest, fading honor, and low revenge, and open only to thee!—*Gotthold's Emblems.*

The *United Presbyterian* says: "We ask a blessing on our daily food; why not on our friends who visit us, the books we read, the precepts that please us, the incidents that refresh our lives? They are all alike the goodg ift's of God."

Joseph Cook, in a letter from Germany, published in the *Independent,* says rationalism in that country is on the decline.

American Bible Society.

The regular meeting of the Board of Managers was held at the Bible House, Astor Place, on Thursday, October 6th. The President, S. Wells Williams, LL.D. occupied the chair.

It was unanimously resolved that the following minute be placed upon the records of the Board of Managers, and a copy of the same be sent to Mrs. Garfield:

"Since the last meeting of the Board the world has been called to mourn the death of James A. Garfield, the President of the United States, and it is eminently appropriate that some expression seould be made of the feelings of the Board in view of this event.

"The rare nobility of President Garfield's manhood, his generous heart, his broad culture as a scholar, his enlightened views as a statesman, his unselfish and self-sacrificing devotion to his country's welfare in many positions of public trust, his winning domestic virtues, his loyal love for the revealed word—manifested in many ways from his childhood to the tragic close of his career, and bearing its richest fruitage of unwavering trust and sublime fortitude during his protracted sufferings—all command the unqualified admiration and love of the members of this Board.

"They devoutly pray that the truths of the Bible which he delighted to study and expound may with each added year more effectively influence the culture and the legislation of our beloved land.

"They would also, in most tender terms, assure the venerable mother, the bereaved wife and children of this great and good man, of their hearty and unfailing sympathy with them in their grief."

During the month of August 30,697 families were visited by the colporteurs of the Society, and 7,140 destitute families and individuals supplied.

Grants of books were made by the Board to the value of about $12,900.

The receipts for September were $44,153.62; copies of the Scripture issued from the Bible House, 71,375 volumes.

Governor Crittenden, of Missouri, recently refused to remove the disabilities of W. W. Mitchell, of Clinton, Henry county convicted in the Circuit Court of that county, of the offense of selling beer on the Sabbath. In his refusal the Governor says: "I will not grant the request. I think all men in this Christian land should observe the Sabbath day in due deference to the command of the law, if not reverence of the day itself, held in high esteem by seven-eights of the community in which they reside. When a man is permitted under the law of the land to sell liquor six days in the week, I think he should be ready, of his own accord, to close up his place of business on the Sabbath. Mr. Mitchell was convicted of violating the law, and now appeals to me to remove the disqualification of the law. He knowingly violated the divine and statutory law, and must submit to the consequences, however inconvenient be his situation. If the law officers of the State and counties would more strenuously enforce the Sabbath laws upon our statute books, there would be a more general observance of the day. Prayer of petitioner denied." The State of Missouri has a very stringent law against desecration of the Sabbath. The penalty may be as high as fifty dollars. She seems also to have been fortunate in her Governors. One of her former Chief Magistrates, Governor McClurg, has been an earnest friend of the National Reform movement.

Senator Garland of Arkansas has become a teetotaler, and gives some sound business reasons for the change. He says: "There's nothing the matter with me, gentlemen, but I've stopped. You know we had a pretty hot canvass in Arkansas this summer, and I went all over the State stumping. Well, I saw the graves of a good many fellows who began with me, and who are now in the dark valley or the light one, whichever it may be. I saw the wrecks of other men who started with me to be jolly good fellows. The graves and the wrecks set me to thinking. From thinking I began to calculate. Well, on a rough calculation I found that I had already drank about a barrel and a half of whisky more than I was entitled to. Then I said to myself that if I drank any more I should be drinking some other fellow's whisky, and, as I didn't want to do that, I stopped. There you have the whole story."

Every Sunday-school teacher may be used as an assistant pastor by a judicious minister. It is in the power of the Sunday-school teacher to hinder or help his minister; to ignore him or build up his reputation and increase his influence among the scholars of his class. The pastor who is indifferent to the Sunday-school teacher must expect apathy from that teacher. The minister who shows occasional interest may expect to receive rare and reluctant support. The minister who puts his whole soul into the work of assuring, assisting, instructing, and inspiring his Sunday-school teachers has a right to expect from them sympathy and help, and they will not fail him.

TO CURE COLIC.—For the violent internal agony termed colic, take a tea- it and go to bed. It is one of the speed- spoonful of salt in a pint of water; drink iest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from a heavy fall.

Three year old Carrie one washing day upset a tub full of water insecurely placed in a chair. She fell with it, rolling over and over away before the flood. On geting her feet and her breath, she cried out in alarm, at the possible extent of the calamity, "Mamma, will we all have to go to another house to live?"

Be contented with your lot especially if it is a corner one.

Jesus.

BY MISS E. DAY.

How good to have in Jesus
  A friend so faithful and true,
Whose love is pure as sunlight,
  And fresh as the morning dew.

And he is ever near me;
  He watches me night and day.
He sees my every action,
  And listens to what I say.

Sometimes I know I grieve him
  By my cold and careless ways,
For not being ever watchful
  To the world my spirit strays.

He does not harshly chide me,
  As earthly friends might do,
But looking into my heart,
  He knows that I love him so.

Yes, I love him more than gold,
  Or the richest gems of earth;
More than friends of dearest name,
  Or the joyous scenes of mirth.

Bless'd Jesus, make me like thee,
  In thy sweet, forgiving love,
Tender and patient always,
  Guileless as angels above.

Then when the world deals harshly,
  And its judgment is unjust,
To thy dear arms of mercy
  I will fly, and in thee trust.

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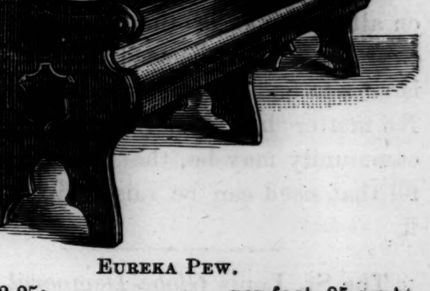

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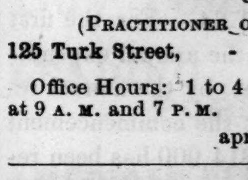

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The Pacific.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Wednesday, Oct. 26, 1881.

The "Woman's Board of Missions" will hold its monthly meeting at the Green-street Congregational church (Rev. Mr. Ijams') on Wednesday, November 3, at 2 P. M. The Montgomery and Third street cars, or the Kearney and Fourth street cars pass within a half block of the church.

The beautiful hymn "Consecration," sung at the aniversary exercises of the Womans' Board of Missions, at Los Angeles, was composed by Mrs. Alice Howard, not Mrs. Mary Howard, as wrongly stated.

The Saturday meetings in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, from 12 to 1 o'clock P. M., for the study of the Sabbath-school lessons, are growing in numbers and interest. It is what we have long longed for, to see a union meeting of Sabbath-school workers filling that Hall week after week, in preparation for the responsible duties of the Sabbath. The lessons for this month have been unusually difficult to make interesting, but with Dr. Beckwith for a leader, the thing has been done, and well done. He has shown rare ability in his management of these meetings, and we hope he will continue to fill that position.

Allusion was made in the editorial correspondence last week to the death of Henry F. Durant, founder of Wellesley College. At the age of forty-one, when he was in the full tide of successful legal practice, his only son was stricken with fatal disease. Just before he died, the son put his arms about his father's neck, and said: "Father, I am going to die. I am going to heaven; and I want you to meet me there." The lawyer never tried another case. When he entered on public life again, it was as an Evangelist. Men who knew his reputation at the bar, queried and were skeptical about this remarkable change. But time proved it to be a radical and permanent transformation. What is there that takes place on this planet that is so wondrous and so blessed as this moral change which is none other than the new birth? The power by which it is wrought is the one most to be honored of all the powers that are at work on the earth. In this case there were marked results which multitudes could see with their eyes. For when a man is converted who has a large fortune and conspicuous talents, and when that man actually devotes one million dollars, in his own life-time, to founding a Christian college, the fact of some force in conversion cannot be extensively questioned. But we know that changes quite as radical, and equally blessed to the subjects of them, at least, are going on all the time in the humblest of our churches. Sow the seed, brothers, for it is sure to find prepared soil somewhere. No matter how great any need of any community may be, the men who are to fill that need can be raised up to supply it.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of last Wednesday, in eleven closely printed columns, reports the first afternoon and evening sessions, on Tuesday, in that city, of the twenty-second annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. In the absence of Dr. Hopkins, President, and Hon. W. E. Dodge, Vice-President, Hon. Alpheus Hardy, of Boston, was elected to preside over the meeting. Dr. Alden read the leading portions of the report of the Home Department. During the year 9 missionaries and 31 assistant missionaries have been added to the roll, 10 missionaries and 9 assistant missionaries are under appointment; 14 missionaries and assistants, after temporary absence, have returned to their fields or are on the way. The sum total of receipts for the year is $451,214.10, a gain over last year of $20,461.64. For the first time in several years the annual expenditures have been met by the annual receipts and a deficit at the commencement of the year of over $14,000 has been reduced to the small sum of $2,059.29. Of the receipts 74 per cent. was derived from New England States, two of which, Massachusetts and Connecticut, gave an advance over the previous year of over $15,000 each. Appropriations from the Otis legacy to the amount of $240,031.06 were made for mission enlargement. The total expenditures for the year were $693,304.45. Among the receipts were $72,824.46 from the Woman's Board of Missions, of which $7,159.53 was reported from the Woman's Board of the Pacific.

Secretary Clark read the *Annual Survey*, of which the following is the conclusion:

The year will be remembered for the establishment of a new mission in Central Africa; for encouragement to enlarge missionary operations in China; for the remarkable interest developed in Japan; for the advance in higher Christian education in the Turkish Empire and in India; for the manifest blessing attending woman's work in nearly every mission field, and the illustration of the value of the boarding-school in the development of Christian character where, removed from unfavorable home influences, the pupils are brought day by day under the personal care and influence of Christian teachers.

The statistics show an increase of 17 in the number of missionaries, and 100 more places where the gospel is preached; over 2,000 additions to the churches on profession of faith, 300 more youth in higher institutions of Christian learning, and 2,500 more in common schools, and thousands more of women visited in their homes by missionary ladies and Bible women under their direction. If the year has not fully realized our hopes, in the number of souls who have turned from idols to serve the living God, we may gratefully recognize his blessing in the work accomplished, and in preparation for larger results in the future.

In the evening "a mighty multitude" assembled in Pilgrim Church—Dr. Goodell's—filling every available inch of space. Rev. A. J. F. Behrends preached the sermon, from Luke xiv: 28–30.

There has been one case of "hazing" at the University lately, and another attempt. The attempt was upon the son or sons of Rev. Mr. Atherton, which, probably, would have been successful had not Mr. Atherton himself providentially been present. The attempt was probably made on account of the very strong condemnation on the part of young Atherton of the hazing of his classmate. Such independence in speech could not be tolerated by brave (?) Sophmores, so they lay in wait—a large number, with masks on—and attempted to sieze the young brothers. The faculty have found out and suspended several of those who "hazed" young Rothganger, by shaving his head and otherwise ill-treating him, and they seem determined to put an end to such shameful and barbarous practices, as they ought to do. A young man has no right to do as a student what he would not do, or think of doing, as a man. This *class* dignity and superiority is all bosh and nonsense. Every student is entitled to gentlemanly treatment. If one is disagreeable and puts on airs, let him alone; he will find his place. It is cowardly and mean and shameful for a number to set upon one and ill-treat him, "to take him down," as they say, and "teach him his place." We are greatly surprised, and pained to read some of the names in the list of suspended Sophmores. They are young men of whom we expected better things.

Henry Villard, the railroad king of the Northern Pacific road, is reported as saying in Portland, last Friday, that he "expected to ride by train from New York to Portland, via. the Northern Pacific, on the 1st day of October, 1883." And with reference to the line to California, "that it had been located from Roseburg to Canyonville, 27 miles along the Umpqua river, and the heavy portions of the work will be let in a few weeks." So the work moves grandly onward up north, under the guiding hand of this energetic man, who seems to be not merely a builder of railroads, but the doer of many another good deed. On Monday last he visited the State University at Eugene, where a hearty welcome was extended. Dr. Geary thanked him for paying the large debt on the institution, and Prof. Thos. Condon, in behalf of the faculty, made an address. Mr. Villard responded, and before leaving he asked a private interview with the regents and faculty, which resulted in a donation of $1,000 to the library, and $1,000 for scientific apparatus, and endowment of a chair of English literature, and the promise that when the Legislature meet next year he would endow the college, provided the Legislature would do the same. Well, there are railroad kings, and railroad kings of all sorts—both good, bad and indifferent; some of them like fast horses, and some, fast women; some of them live fast and die soon, and leave few to mourn their departure. What a grand thing it is for rich men to live in harmony with the people, and to build railroads, and universities, and churches, and move all things up on a higher plain. Mr. Villard seems to be such a man, and we congratulate our neighbors on his advent upon the scene. May his good example be contagious there and here.

President Arthur sent in, last Monday, the nomination of Edwin D. Morgan, of New York, to be the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Senate immediately confirmed the nomination. And a good man he is for the position; few better men could be found. The only trouble about the matter is that this appointment must cause the removal of Post-Master General James; otherwise, New York would have two men in the cabinet. For his removal we are profoundly sorry; he is the right man in the right place.

Commissioner of Pensions Dudley reports from Washington that the next fiscal year the pension payments are likely to reach $70,000,000, and the deficiency this year will amount to $20,000,000, and everybody is astounded at the growth of the claims.

And we are certainly counted among the "everybody." It seems that the payments from the Pension Bureau are a very uncertain quantity. There is likely to be a deficit this year of twenty million dollars. Well, this is very strange indeed. Can any one give any reason for new pension claims to any amount at this time? Ought not all the old soldiers and soldiers' widows to have entered all just claims long before this time. Few soldiers have been killed or wounded in battle for many years. The fact is, too many people are trying to get a living out of the Government. And there should be, and must be, a limit to this thing. There is many a leak in the U. S. Treasury—this is one of them. Tell your Congressman if he wants to stay at Washington to take hold of this wholesale robbery and retail robbery and stop it. Congressmen must listen more to home constituents and less to pension agents.

It is reported that the reduction in the public debt for July, August and September was nearly $42,000,000, an average daily decrease of over $450,000. This is whittling down the immense sum bequeathed to us by the war, very fast. But now the whisky distillers have determined to make an effort next winter to get Congress to reduce the tax on whisky from ninety cents to fifty cents per gallon. We would much sooner see it raised still higher. Tax it until no whisky business can pay the price. But there is reason in asking for a reduction of rates in some directions. Necessaries—like matches, for instance—ought not to be covered all over with United States stamps. The burden of debt-paying is bearing too heavily upon the people of this generation. Let us hand down a portion of it to our children. The burden of city, State and United States taxes is bearing many a weary man to bankruptcy. Let us have relief.

Statistical.

NUMBER FOUR.

There are 2,563 members of the nine Congregational churches of San Francisco and Oakland. During the past year there have been 601 additions, of which 423 were upon profession of faith. Sustained by these churches are 19 Sunday-schools, with 4,200 members. The benevolent contributions of these churches during the year amount to nearly $14,000.

The First church, San Francisco, has a membership of 621. Additions by profession, 40; by letter, 14. In its two Sunday-schools are 487 members. It has raised for home work, $12,010. Its benevolent contributions reach the grand sum of about $7,600, of which $7,000 were given to the Y. M. C. Association of San Francisco.

L. B. Benchley is Superintendent of the main school, and George Harris of the Chinese school. Of the additions to the church, 30 were from the Sunday-school.

Plymouth church has 432 members. Addition by profession, 108; by letter, 36. In the four Sunday-schools are 1,038 members—a full regiment. For home work there have been raised $4,940; for benevolent purposes about $3,200, including $1,135 for the Y. M. C. A. Chas. Ru Land is Superintendent of the home Sunday-school, S. S. Smith of the Post-street school.

The Third church has 189 members. Additions upon profession, 28; by letter, 16. In Sunday-school, 463. Philo Mills is Superintendent. Amount raised for home work, $2,644.90; for other objects, $72.20.

Green-street church has a roll of 140 members. Additions upon profession, 21; by letter, 3. In Sunday-school, 200. Mr. Moore is Superintendent. Amount raised for home work, $2,858; for benevolence, $127.

Bethany church has 199 members. Additions by profession, 30; by letter, 11. In four Sunday-schools, 340 members. Wm. Johnstone is Superintendent of the home school. Amount raised for home work, $2,271; for benevolence, $215.

Rev. A. L. Stone, D. D., for fifteen years pastor of the First church, has resigned on account of ill-health, and has been honored with the position of pastor emeritus. Rev. C. D. Barrows of Lowell, Mass., is pastor elect.

Rev. T. K. Noble has been for nine years pastor of Plymouth church.

Rev. E. G. Beckwith, D. D., has recently been installed pastor of the Third church.

Rev. W. E. Ijams has been in pastoral charge of Green-street church since August 1874.

Rev. W. C. Pond has been in the pastorate of Bethany church since its organization in March, 1874. J.

We learn with great gladness that three weeks of meetings held at Lincoln by Rev. W. Bruce have resulted in the reception of eleven members to the church, with more to follow. Thus the prospects are very good, better than they have been for years for Lincoln. They are about to make extensive repairs on church building

Thirty persons were lost on the foundered steamer *Clan McDuff*.

Editorial Correspondence.

One never ceases to wonder at Chicago, however often he passes through it. The day I was there was the day which celebrated the tenth anniversary of that ghastly fire, which seemed at the time to blast the prospects of the city. It is no wonder that the papers took pride in showing how those terrible losses had been repaired—the scores of acres, then swept of almost every building, now built over more solidly and elegantly than they had been before. It is a great pride. Indeed, the work done is almost incredible. One feels the force of the remark made by Henry Ward Beecher, on the laying of the first Atlantic cable, that in our day the question is not whether a reported fact is credible, but whether it is incredible enough. We are ready to believe almost anything in the line of material progress, provided it is strange enough to be really startling. By the way, that is somewhat the attitude of the man who has pondered well the character of Christ. When miracles are reported as connected with Him, we are prepared to believe even those which are most wonderful. For we say, Why, the very atmosphere in which such a person lived must be charged with unspeakable possibilities. That such a character should work signs is as natural as for an ordinary man to turn over his hand.

Every time I pass through this emporium of the Northwest, and see it stretching out one very side, nevertheless I ask myself whether the time is not coming when its limits will be reached; must it go on increasing at this rate through the century? But the Chicagoan must pardon what would seem to him a boyish question—rather the question, perhaps, of someone who has drawn near to a second childhood; for, to all appearance, no inhabitant of Chicago has ever thought of such an idea.

It was, however, too bad that at the very time when these anniversary congratulations were so natural in the city itself, the people in Michigan, whose fellow-citizens have so recently been ravaged by fires, should have occasion, as they thought, to taunt Chicago with its meager contributions to the relief of the sufferers. How much did we, country-folks in Michigan, give to you when you were in trouble? Now look at these figures you send in return. Besides, compare your pittance with what the more distant and less related cities, like Boston and New York, have done for us. Now all this reasoning is irritant; at least it would be to most cities. I cannot say whether it was provoking to better works or not. But it drove my mind down into that not very amiable or exalted mood, in which its admirations of great things in this world are slightly sobered. Do not think, my friend, that all cities which are really big, are big in every direction, and at all times. Being, too, in this mood, it is easier for me to mention another fact that shows that nobody in this sublunary sphere can have the monopoly of excellencies. For, new as all this part of Chicago is, where the fire flew, it does not look new; it has a dingy aspect; the streets are not clean—the general air is not tidy. But then you must remember that I had just come from Boston. My criticism must fall harmless now.

Of Church affairs in Chicago I have but little that the general reader of the newspapers does not know. Dr. Talmage was in the city that Sunday and his audiences were overflowing, That fact did not diminish apparently the congregation which meets in the Music Hall to listen to Prof. David Swing. My seat in the second gallery, and a back seat at that, did not put me in a position to make a very accurate computation of the people present. But the spacious house was filled. Would not two thousand be a low estimate for the number of hearers? A Precentor leads the congregation in the ordinary and very familiar and evangelical hymns which are printed each service, on slips of paper, and distributed through the house. There is a solo by a lady and a duet by ladies also. All else are the prayers and sermon. The prayers are reverent and simple. The sermon is read from manuscript. It calls attention to the fact that though there is less of quantity, it may be, in present religion, it is better in quality. Prof. Swing thinks the new fashioned camp-meeting at Chautauqua, for instance, is a decided improvement on the old-fashioned camp-meeting, where men and women were struck down and fell stiff to the ground. Intelligence comes to the front, he thinks, in the new religion. He said a good many good and true things. He always does. Somehow one is not impelled to repent and forsake his sins, hearing him. Does not his preaching foster a sort of intellectual self-complacence? As for manner, there is something childlike and bland in the tones of his voice, and he has a drawl. But he interests; he talks of what men are thinking about; he is smypathetic with the tone of the times. If he could only lift that tone more decidedly, so that it would be just a little more unmistakably that of the Master, what larger blessings might come with his opportunity?

Falling in with Rev. G. F. G. Morgan, now studying medicine at the University of Michigan, I accompanied him to the 2nd Presbyterian church, to hear Rev. Dr. Lorimer. Dr. Lorimer is soon to take charge of the Immanuel Baptist Church, a new organization. The Presbyterian Church in which he preached for that day, has been looking for a pastor for more than a year past. It is located quite near the 1st Presbyterian Church, which has lately obtained one of our Boston Congregational pastors. At one time this summer it came within a little, it supposed, of acquiring Rev. Dr. McKenzie of Cambridge, Mass. Its latest call has been given to Prof. W. P. Coddington, of the Syracuse University, a Methodist. It is stated that Prof. Coddington declines, not being able to adopt the Westminster platform. Dr. Lorimer preaches without reading. He is very deliberate and perhaps imposing in his preliminary exercises. He carries himself, I should say, with some considerable consciousness of his bearing. He has a good voice in its conversational tones, but he strains it sometimes to compass more oratorical ones. He reaches not the depths in men's souls, but he carries his hearers along with their earnest attention to his discourse. He preached about an hour, showing the advantages of diversity in unity, as illustrated by the existence of many denominations in the one church of Christ. He is a man of striking personal presence, is perfectly self-possessed, a trained speaker. He is more artificial than Pro. Swing, and I should be more at peace in hearing the latter than the former. But peace would not be just the preponderant element in heavy either.

God Out and Man In.

BY REV. W. H. PLATT, LL.D.

NUMBER NINE.

(i.) SAVING FAITH DENIED.

Dr. Platt makes further reply to Col. Ingersoll.

Ingersoll—"By some unaccountable infatuation belief has been, and still is, considered of immense importance."

Lawyer—Is belief more an infatuation than disbelief?

Ingersoll—"All religion has been based upon the idea that God will forever reward the true believer and eternally damn the man who doubts." "I admit that most Christians are honest—always have admitted that. I admit that most ministers are honest, and that they are doing the best they can in their way for the good of mankind; but their doctrines are hurtful; they do harm in the world, and I am going to do what I can against their doctrines. They preach this infamy: 'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.' Every word of that text has been an instrument of torture; every letter of that text has been a sword thrust into the bleeding and quivering heart of man; every letter has been a dungeon; every line has been a chain; and that infamous sentence has covered this earth with blood."

Lawyer—It is sad to know that human agencies have made bad work of superhuman schemes. So long as God is God and man is man there must be liability to this. We cannot contract God to man, nor expand man to God. Man has had no mercy where God would have had all mercy. Man has hated where God commanded him to love.

Ingersoll — "To me it is a revolting doctrine that a man who was a good fellow—loved his wife and children—whose home was his heaven, who didn't owe a dollar and left a little to keep the wolf from the door of those he loved—should go to hell because he belonged to no church and did not believe in the rib story; while one who belonged to the church and Young Men's Christian Association but robbed the bank of which he was cashier and ran away with his neighbor's wife is to go to heaven because he did believe in the rib and snake business."

Lawyer—You are more sarcastic than either candid or consistent. You have just said that "most Christians are honest." You know that no Christian holds any such opinion about bank robbers and other wicked people as you have described. You know the Christian doctrine to be that "God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." If there is anything the Bible denounces it is a hypocrite. If you know any, just publish them, that the Church may expel them. And as to the other world, as you do not expect to be there, let me take your deposition about them, *de bene esse*. The hypocrites in the Church are the infidel wolves in sheep's clothing, and we wish you would keep what belongs to you. Judas got in and sinful preachers get in, and sanctimonious defaulters; but these infidel rascals in the Church are nothing to those that are out. You have the crowd. But you can accommodate your numbers, however great, for the way is broad and is as downhill as the entrance into a beer-cellar.

Ingersoll—But what riles me up so, is that I am to be damned if I don't believe your fish story. "No man can control his belief." Intellectual liberty, as a matter of necessity, forever destroys the idea that belief is either praise or blameworthy, and is wholly inconsistent with every creed of Christendom. I deny that "whoso believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

Lawyer—Nor do I believe that a man will be damned because of an unbelief he could not help. Condemnation follows his sins, not his unbelief. "God sent not his son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world, through him, might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already." Unbelief is negative and inactive, not active and causative. Negation causes nothing. To say that a man is damned for his unbelief, especially where there is a want of evidence, is an instance of the fallacy of *non causa pro causa*, attributing an effect to a cause that is not a cause, or to a remote cause instead of the immediate one, or to an indirect cause instead of to a direct one, or to a something that is not, as a cause for something that is. The occasion is not the cause. If belief could save a man, then Christ need not. If a man is condemned for wrong-doing, unbelief in the means of escape simply leaves him in his condemnation. Gravitation is the cause of a man's drowning when, through the dead hand of unbelief in the means of rescue, he does not lay hold of the rope thrown to save him. Unbelief does not damn a man. He is damned, if at all, by his sins. Belief does not save a man. He is saved, if at all, by the atonement of Christ. Belief makes it possible for Christ to save him, and unbelief impossible. All sequences are not consequencs. Responsibility is for wrong doing, not for wrong believing. Wrong doing is followed by responsible guilt and penal consequences; and wrong believing simply leaves a man exposed to the consequences of his previous wrong doing. As you say, belief is "neither praise nor blameworthy," it is nothing but a conclusion of the mind. A man willfully commits vices that disease him. There is guilt. A physician tells him that he can cure him, but he disbelieves it and refuses to use the remedies. There is no guilt in his unbelief, but because of it he is left to the consequences of his vices and dies. It is only in a secondary sense that the man can be said to be killed by his unbelief. He is directly killed by his vices. The scripture says: "So speak ye and so do as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty. What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? Can faith save him? If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace; be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit? Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone. Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith and I have works; show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." (James ii: 12-19.)

Ingersoll—Paul says to the Galatians, "Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ; that we might be justified by the faith of Christ and not by the works of the law, for by the works of the law shall no man be justified." Does not that teach that however much man may love his wife and children, however promptly he may pay his debts, however kind he may be to his fellow-man, he must go to hell simply because he has no faith in Christ, and the man who does none of these things goes to heaven because he does believe in Christ? It is just as I told you.

Lawyer—There may be an historical belief in Christ as in any other historical person, but there can be no faith in Christ without works. Faith without works is dead. Belief begins to be faith only when it produces works. The prompt debtor, the loving husband and father, the good neighbor verily has his reward, whether he is moved to his conduc by nature or by grace. If we live to nature from nature, we receive our compensation, or from Christ, if we live for Christ. "Those that freely give, freely receive, good measure pressed down and running over shall men give into your bosoms." The tree is nourished by the leaves it gives. But why did you not read the next verse? "But if while we seek to be justified by Christ, we are ourselves found sinners, is Christ therefore the minister of sin? God forbid." No one objects to your going to heaven without Christ if you can; but we deny that any one can go there simply because he does believe in him without a corresponding innocency of life. "Faith without works is dead."

Ingersoll — "Salvation depends, not upon belief, but upon deed—upon kindness, upon justice, upon mercy."

Lawyer—Deed comes out of creed. If you believe that there is no hell, you need not do either good or avoid evil to keep out of it. If you believe but little, you will do but little. Even good deeds are not ncessary, if there be no hell. If I understand you, there is no salvation to be either gained or lost. If there is no God, no immortality of the soul, of course there is nothing hereafter to be avoided or desired.

Ingersoll—"Your own deeds are your Saviour, and you can be saved in no other way."

Lawyer—Suppose your deeds are bad, then, of course, you are lost. What is to be the fate of those inventors of false gods and false religions, and those slaveholders, and polygamists whom you so vehemently denounced! The Prophet inquired, "Wherefore O Lord doth the wicked prosper?" So that bad deeds, in this world, do not always bring suffering. Your theory of life will not do. You must either obliterate all distinction between right and wrong, or admit some other time and place where wrong is punshed and right is rewarded.

With regard to those Protestant churches in Belgium, which are entirely independent of State aid, we are told that they have a peculiar kind of meeting. It consists not of a catechism by the minister of the people, but a catechism of the minister by the people. They put questions to him with regard to his sermon, if they have found difficulties with any of its positions. Also they question him with respect to any problems which have occurred to them in the reading of the Bible or in the conduct of their daily life. If the querying is specially hard, the answer is delayed till another day. This exercise, it is said, greatly stimulates everybody connected with the congregation. This really is what is meant by the "Question Drawer." But the Drawer should be more than the box which contains the questions. The questions should draw.

The Trial of Your Faith.

Peter says, "That the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." This illustration of the trial of our faith by the trial of gold is one which all can in a measure understand, because gold is so common, and all know something of the process of fire through which it must pass. Yet it is only when we see it tried in some assay office or mint that the fullness of the illustration, its inspiration, is seen.

The furnace is very hot. It is made of the very best material, either the best stone coal, or if this cannot be obtained, the best charcoal: so hot that when stirred from above the thickest of gloves must be used, and they will burn, unless occasionally dipped in water. Nor is it sufficient that this fire be underneath the ladle containing the gold, but the fire must be heaped around it. Yes, those coals must be placed on top of the cover of the ladle. The material of which the furnace is built too cannot be of common brick or stone, but clay and brick must be imported, perhaps two or three thousand miles, each brick costing about half a dollar.

Bogus dust is not put into such a fire. If the assayer finds it to be such he throws it away; but if there is genuine gold, be there ever so much base metal amongst it, so that it is worth four dollars an ounce, in it must go. So we think of God's trial fires. If the soul is valueless, it does not enter them, but if it have ever so little faith, it must go in, "the dross to consume, the gold to refine."

As the gold is in the fire, and literally surrounded by fire, if it could speak it would probably complain and say, "Why am I thus heated? I am being melted; I shall run down and be lost." No, no, precious gold, you will not be lost. The assayer knows why you are heated, yes, melted, but he thinks too much of you to allow you to be lost. He has a fire-proof ladle between you and the fire. Even so the tried soul feels, yes, sometimes says; but let him remember that Jesus thinks more of the soul than the assayer does of the gold, and that his hands are between it and the trial fires.

How carefully the assayer watches that gold. Once and again the cover comes off, the coals are removed and the cover of the ladle is taken off so that he may see how the work is progressing. He intends that the gold shall stay just long enough to be rightly melted, and no longer. So God watches us, only with his eyes he can see through the furnace and covers, so that there is no possibility of a mistake.

The gold is melted. Many little things show how much the gold is valued. Acids and oil are used in cooling it, and the whole process of assay is very minute. If it is a large bar, a little chip is taken from each corner and tried, to see how much gold there is, how much silver, and how much base metal. If the four corners do not agree, it shows that there is more base metal in one part of the bar than in another. This will not do. So the whole bar must be put into the furnace again, and sometimes it is repeated four or five times until the assayer is satisfied. And is it strange that the golden soul is tried time and again? God wishes to have it become more and more perfect.

But when all is done in the assay office the work is not done. In order to make it most useful it is taken to the mint, where it goes through another process of melting and purifying and moulding. So God does with us. Hence is it strange that Peter said again, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you, but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings: that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." M. E.

Home Missionary Col.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office: No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

The Duty of the Churches to our Scattered Population.

[The following is the substance of the words said by the Rev. T. K. Noble at the General Association in Los Angeles, who opened up the important subject mentioned in the caption:]

The question we are to consider is not the duty of the churches to the thousands living in our cities, towns, and villages, but what do the churches owe to our *scattered* population—to the men and women who are leading lives of isolation and comparative solitude—what can the churches do for them, what ought they to do?

Before we can measure the obligation, we must grasp the situation. Here is a state that has the proportions of an empire; embracing an area of more than 188,000 square miles—a territory nearly three times as large as the whole of New England—and yet our entire population is less than 865,000 souls. Not only this, but 233,000 live in the single city of San Francisco, 35,000 in Oakland, 21,000 in Sacramento, 12,000 in San Jose, 11,000 in Los Angeles—making an aggregate of 312,000 in the five leading cities of the State, and leaving only about 550,000 to people the remainder of this vast commonwealth.

But perhaps we shall get a more vivid view of the significance of the phrase "Our Scattered Population" if, instead of looking at the State as a whole, we restrict our attention to Southern California. Take, for example, Los Angeles County, a section of country nearly as large as the State of Connecticut, and yet its entire population is less than 34,000; and of these 11,000 are living in the city of Los Angeles, leaving but 23,000 for the rest of the county. Or look at San Diego, a county nearly twice as large as the State of Massachusetts, and yet its entire population is less than 9,000. In San Bernardino County the sparseness of population is even more conspicuous. In this great section of our State, which embraces an area nearly twice that of the entire Kingdom of Wales, the population is less than 8,000. Mark now the natural—I might say, the necessary—consequence of this state of affairs. Living, as the people do, not in communities, but in isolation, their homes dotting our hills and valleys at intervals of from one to ten miles, society, in any proper sense of the word, is out of the question; and "society," as Emerson has told us, "is a Pestalozzian school, where all are teachers and pupils in turn, and where we are equally served by receiving and imparting."

From all the quickening and stimulating influences generated by social contact with our kind people living in these sparsely settled counties are necessarily debarred. The facilities for the schooling of their children in these thinly peopled regions are exceedingly meagre. According to the report of the Bureau of Education, it appears that while there are in the State 1,828 school districts, only 785 have well furnished school houses. And while the opportunities for education are imperfect in quality they are defective in quantity, the average duration of the school term being only 145 days in the year. Not only this, but while we have in California 205,000 children of school age, only 138,000 are actually at school, leaving 67,000 who are coming up to swell the great army of illiterates. But the direst outcome of the scattered character of our population is the impossibility of organizing and maintaining, unaided, the divinely appointed means of moral and spiritual culture. Living in a new state, with everything to do—their farms to fence, their houses to build, their roads to make—for these scattered people to arise and erect a place of worship, secure a minister and make adequate provision for support, is a manifest impossibility, and the question arises, What can be done? What is the duty of the Christian Church to the scattered population of this great commonwealth of California?

Obviously, our first step in grappling with this grave problem is to seek wisdom from above. "In all our thinking," says Dr. Harris, in his 'Kingdom of Christ on Earth,' "respecting the human agency in the conversion of the world, we must conceive of God's spirit going before it and quickening it;" we are workers together with God, and our primal duty is to lift up our eyes to the hills from whence cometh our help, and to seek the wisdom that cometh from above. (2.) We must make sure that we look at the needs of our scattered population through the eyes of Christ. According to his gospel we are all members one of another, so closely united, that if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it; and his commandment is, that we look not at our own things alone, but every man also to the things of others. (3.) It is clear that every local church must be a living center of evangelistic influence, radiating the light of the gospel into the regions beyond. The pastors of these churches should seek out competent laymen and lay it upon them as a sacred obligation to organize Sabbath-schools and cottage prayer-meetings, and to hold Bible readings and praise services that Christ may be lifted up among this people who are scattered abroad. (4.) Something may be done by the local Associations, subordinate to the General Association, in looking after the religious needs of the scattered population within their geographical boundaries, districting the territory as far as practicable, and using all the means in their power for supplying their religious needs. (5.) It will be a great gain if the American Home Missionary Society, in the advance movement now contemplated, will so far modify its policy as to send its missionaries in the future to destitute districts as well as to destitute churches. Under the present management, although its constitution affirms that the object of the society is to assist congregations that are unable to support the gospel ministry, and to send the gospel to the destitute of the United States, its missionaries are sent only to those places where a church has already been organized, or very sure to be immediately, and thus our scattered populations are deprived of all aid from this honored almoner of our churches. Let the policy be changed, and good and true men be sent forth, as were the Apostles of old, to organize churches and to break the bread of life, if need be, in household congregations, and we shall cease to be saddened by the melancholy statistics, that of the 52 counties which compose this great commonwealth, 22 are unblessed by the presence of a Congregational church, minister or Sunday-school.

Religious Intelligence.

California.

The Club met at 1:15 P. M. on Monday last, in the parlors of the Y. M. C. A., where it will continue to meet until further notice. Rev. John Kimball presented the subject, "The Million for the American Home Missionary Society," in a brief but very practical manner.

The subject for consideration at the Club next week will be, "What is the meaning of Christ preaching to the Spirits in prison?" Rev. W. E. Ijams is to present it.

At the First Church, in this city, last Sabbath morning, the beloved pastor emeritus, Dr. Stone, preached a most excellent and precious sermon. The service was most impressive, and gave great pleasure to those who were present.

Rev. T. K. Noble preached on "The Christian's Hope" last Sabbath morning, and at night he lectured on "Contrasted Views of Human Progress."

At the Third Church, in this city, in the morning Dr. Beckwith delivered his second discourse on "Divine Providence," and in the evening gave his last lecture on "How we obtained our English Bible." He took up our Bible from that of Tyndall to our New Version.

Rev. Dr. McLean, of the First Church, Oakland, gave a statistical sermon, relative to the progress of evangelical belief, in the morning. The text was, "Of the increase of his government there shall be no end." At night the doctor's subject was based on the text, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

At the Golden Gate church in Oakland, there were good congregations. The pastor, Rev. W. H. Cook, preached on "He is our Peace," and "The endlessness of the Future Life." The Sunday-school was largely attended.

Rev. Dr. Mooar preached at Plymouth Avenue on "Offering sacrifice and praise unto God continually."

At Berkeley, large and increasing congregations greet the worthy pastor, Rev. C. A. Savage. The subjects last Sunday were "Are there few that be saved?" and "Christ, our Great, High Priest."

At Lodi, our excellent brother, Rev. W. C. Stewart, is doing good work. He has recently commenced an evening service with very good prospects. He supplies at Galt on every other Sabbath afternoon.

The little church at Pescadero, with a goodly number of Methodist friends, spent the evening of the 11th inst. at the parsonage, leaving at their departure gifts amounting to over twenty dollars.

The Delta Sigma Literary Society, of the First Congregational church, this city, will hold its first regular meeting for the season of '81 and '82 on Thursday evening, Nov. 3d, at 7:45. The programme, consisting of musical and literary selections, has been carefully prepared, and will be one of the most interesting and entertaining yet given by the society.

The new fiscal year of our California Chinese Mission, which began Sept. 1st, has opened with great promise of a large year's work. The reports for September show 15 schools in active operation, with an aggregate enrollment of 661 pupils, and an average attendance of 332. These numbers are larger than were ever before reported since the work began.

Other Denominations.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. R. Mackenzie is delivering a second series of Sunday evening lectures on "Natural Science and Revealed Religion," to large congregations.——Rev. C. H. Crawford, of Point Arena, preached the opening sermon of the Benecia Presbytery, at San Rafael.——Rev. Hiram Hill and wife, of San Leandro, have been agreeably surprised on the twentieth anniversary of their marriage.

METHODIST SOUTH.—Rev. L. C. Renfro reports the new year in the Rockville church as having a cheerful beginning. ——Mrs. Kavanaugh, wife of Bishop Kavanaugh, has written a very interesting letter to her friends on the occasion of her leaving the coast to rejoin her husband and proceed to her home at Louisville.

Temperance.

The Good Templars enter their new year with good prospects. A large and competent lecture force has already entered the field, and report says that a temperance revival will be worked for under the united labors of Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Richardson.——The executive committee of the Prohibition Party are desirous of knowing the names of all suitable persons who can and will lecture in the interests of prohibition. They also desire that prohibition clubs shall be organized wherever possible.

The water famine in New York City still continues and to such an extent that the Mayor last Saturday addressed a proclamation to the people or that city, reciting the perilous situation of the city in consequence of the unprecedent drought and deficiency of the water supply. He enjoins the people to practice economy in the use of water, so as to tide over the difficulties and avoid the dangers which are imminent. He says that without copious rains the entire reserve supply will be exhausted in sixteen days, at the present rate of consumption.

Dr. Kalloch, in a prelude, last Sabbath evening, on his Oregon trip, acknowledged his lecture audience in Portland was very small. He does not seem to have fallen in love with the country up north. Well, it is a grand country, nevertheless, and has a wide-awake, sensible people, who show their good sense by giving him the cold shoulder.

The *Great Eastern* is reported to have been sold lately for $150,000. It cost $50,000 more than that to get her launched, when she stuck upon the ways at the beginning of her luckless career. She has probably cost in the neighborhood of $5,000,000. The *Record-Union* well says that "it will be a long time before anyone thinks of building a mammoth steamship again." The same might be said of mammoth hotels and other mammoth things. The experience of those who have gone into great extravagancies to outdo and win the admiration of the world, and be talked about and envied, is not encouraging.

A company has been organized in London for a pleasure trip around the world. They have purchased the Ceylon, a steamship of 2,100 tons register, and sail October 15th, intending to return in July, 1882, the charges being £500 for each passenger.

Sunday-school Lesson for Nov. 6, 1881.

BY REV. A. DRAHMS.

Subject: "The day of Atonement." (Lev. xvi: 16–30.)

We have to-day the most important religious festival of the Jewish Church, as well as the most suggestive to the Christian system. It is the one single fast prescribed by the Mosaic law (verse 29). It is called The Fast (Acts xxvii: 9), and by the Talmudists *The Day*, and is observed with great solmnity by all Jews. It was observed on the tenth of Tisri (October) the seventh sacred, and first civil month, five days before the Fast of Tabernacles. It was a most solemn Sabbath. All abstained from work to "afflict their souls" (vs. 29) on pain of "being cut off from among the people." On this day the High Priest entered "within the veil," (Heb. ix: 7) and made attonement of blood for the remission of the sins of the people. He washed his body and put on white robes, signifying purity. He then first offered up sacrifice for himself and family, a young bullock for a sin-offering, and a ram for burnt-offering (Heb. ix: 7). He then offered up for the sins of the people, a ram for a burnt offering, and two young goats for a sin-offering; bringing the latter before the door of the Tabernacle, he cast lots upon them, one inscribed "For Jehovah," and the other "For Azazel." The latter was the "Scape-goat." The former was slain as a sin-offering for the people. (see lesson). Then the high-priest laid his hand upon the head of the "Scape-goat," confessing the sins of the people which was then led into the wilderness "bearing the sins of many." Then the ceremony was completed with the usual offering of burnt sacrifices as given in previous lessons.

LESSON TEXT. (Lev. xvi: 16–30).

Verse 16. "He shall make atonement for the holy place."--Referring to the holy of Holies where the Priest went but once a year, viz.: upon this day of atonement. (Heb. ix: 7). Into the tabernacle "the priests went always" (verse vi: do). He first of all entered with a censer filled with live coals from the altar, and incense thereon, thus spreading a fragrant cloud between his eyes and the ark, lest he profane it with curious gaze and die. "And so shall he do for the tabernacle," etc.--Assuming that both the inner and outer sanctuary needed cleansing, because of the contamination of the sins of the people.

Verse 17. "There shall be no man in the tabernacle—*i. e.*, none other save the High Priest, who was himself cleansed for that purpose. The sanctuary and the occasion alike so holy that it brooked only the slightest human profanation possible, consistent with the performance of the service. The High Priest represented the highest type of mortal priestly perfection, hence, alone fitted. "Atonement for himself,"—In strong contrast between the Great High Priest, "who needed not daily as those high priests to offer up sacrifice first for his own sins." (Heb. vii: 27). "For his household," refers rather to his sons who were priests, etc.

"He shall go out unto the altar that is before the Lord"—*i. e.*, the altar of burnt-offering without the tabernacle, which, being in near contact with the people needed cleansing the more. (Ex. xxx: 10).

Verse 20. "When he hath made an end of reconciling the holy place." The first act was atonement for self and family; second, the holy place, now ended; third, for the people. "He shall bring the live goat"—*i. e.*, the scape-goat, or, "for Azazel," as described in introductory.

Vese 21. "Lay both his hands upon the head of the goat * * and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel." This was the sin offering for the people, a solemn and consistent act. It was an act of national humiliation and confession. It implies three things: human sinfulness, atoning mediation, divine satisfaction, in which love, justice and mercy are equally considered and divinely harmonized in one great plan of redemption, of which this was the antitype until that new and better way.

"Send him away by the hand of a fit man," *i. e.*, one appointed for that purpose. Many fanciful legends attached to this. It was a simple, incidental act. "Into the wilderness." Implying a full and complete remission and "putting away" of sin, not imputing it any more to the sinner. "For Azazel," means "for complete removal." (Smith.)

Verse 23. "And Aaron shall come into the tabernacle." The fourth act, viz: the burnt offerings. The High Priest clad again in his ordinary robe of office, performed the rite.

Verse 24. "He shall wash his flesh with water," that he might be free from seeming contamination by contact with the animals. "Offer his burnt offering and the burnt offering of the people." Consecration of the people to God (see lesson 3). Sin first removed, they dedicate self to God. So the Christian being pardoned gives himself to God's service as his child.

Verse 25. "The fat," etc., *i. e.*, internal fat, liver, kidneys, etc.

Verse 26. "He that let go the goat, * * shall wash his clothes," made unclean.

Verse 27. "They shall burn in the fire," because priest could not partake of his own sacrifice and mingle two.

Verse 28. "He * * shall wash his clothes," because might also be impure by contact.

Verse 29. "This shall be a statute." This not an *account* of celebration, but the law directs it.

LEADING THOUGHTS.

The atonement under the law sets forth the great principles of the atonement under grace by Jesus Christ, "the lamb without blemish, slain from the foundation of the world. The type, imperfect as the offerer himself, needed cleansing." The High Priest needed by us is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, etc. (Heb. vii: 26–28), hence the new, the perfect way.

The sacrifice slain, and the escaped goat, set forth Him who gave up his life for us, and bore our sins upon the tree, and both together form a type of Christ who by his death and resurrection "took away the sin of the world."

Golden Text.—"We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." (Romans v: 11.)

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CHAPTER TWO.

"Well, to come now to what Mr. Crombie did. The block was burned entirely, and the people thus made homeless also lost everything, even their clothes. They found shelter in the houses of the neighbors. Brother Crombie had the clothing store, and we naturally expected that he would give something for the poor wretches out of his stock. There was a paper circulated asking subscriptions. When presented to Brother Crombie, he somewhat curtly refused to put down even a cent. Then the canvasser, Mr. Jones, suggested that he give some goods. This he refused to do even more emphatically. I was in the store, and being his pastor I thought I had the right to urge upon him the duty of giving. I repeated the words, "It is more blesed to give than to receive." I knew that he was really very benevolent, but crabbed; and I feared that his seemingly unfeeling disposition might make talk and awake ill-feeling against him and the church. This I feared the more because the sufferers were largely Irish Catholics, and his apparent stinginess might be laid to the charge of a sectarian spirit. I said something of this to him, but he did not seem to hear me and I felt chagrinned. There were a good many men in the store, and they all looked disgusted. Crombie seemed busy behind the counter, and his face looked as hard as a stone.

"Just then a woman, one of the sufferers, came in to buy some goods. Brother Crombie waited on her himself. We all watched him sharply to see if he would make any reduction. But not a cent of reduction! She paid him the money with trembling hand, and then glided out. There was a general murmur among the men. Others of the sufferers came in to buy and were treated in the same manner. He did not allow the clerks to wait upon them, as if afraid that they might make reduction or give credit. All the loafers in town came in, and a great deal of uncomplimentary talk was indulged in, loud enough for him to hear. But he affected not to notice it. His friends were grieved, and all those who delight to find flaws in good men were pleased. That evening, I called upon him and asked him to explain. He gave a number of vague answers, unsatisfactory, and at length told me that business was business, and that his business was his business. I then told him that he belonged to the Church, that charity was a cardinal virtue, that he was bringing disgrace on the cause of Christ, and that as his pastor I had a right, it was my business, to know why he persisted in such a course, and if there were any explanations I wanted to know it, so that I could defend him before those who were speaking against him. He looked at me a moment, and then said in a tone I had never heard him use before,

"Well, I guess you are right, parson. I will give something."

Then, with much ado, he took out his note-book, opened it, and carefully hunted around among his twenties and fifties until he found a twenty-five cent piece and handed it to me, saying as he did so, "The liberal soul shall be made fat." I felt indignant, and told him that I would not accept what so evidently came from a destitute person, and left him. I tried to think that he had some secret reason for his action, but really thought it was due to mere crabbedness and stubbornness. But in the course of time it began to leak out that the sufferers from the fire had money. They refused to tell where it came from; some saying that they had saved it, others that friends had sent it to them, etc. But after about a week the priest came over to see me. I was surprised at the visit, and more surprised at what he said. He told me that at confession, his parishioners had told him that they had received from Bro. Crombie. He had given it to them the very night of the fire, on the express condition that they should tell no one. The priest thought I ought to know it. I was overjoyed, thanked him several times, and ran over at once to see Bro. Crombie. I told him what I had learned, apologized for what I had said, humbly admitting how wrong I had been. He turned his face away for a few moments and then tried to make me promise to tell no one. I could not accede to his desire. It was my duty to make all clear, that every one might know how far from being a skinflint he really was. The news spread, and the people seemed gladder to find out his real generosity than they had been to discover his supposed illiberality. The town was full of stories by the Irishmen, how Uncle Crombie had given them money.

I heard one say, "He comes to me in the dark, ye knows, when I wus looking at me blazing windies, and clutches me by the slave, ye knows, and sez 'ee, 'Have some money?' sez 'ee, and gives me thin and there, twenty dollars; ond he says, 'in the name of Jehovah of hosts, tell no one where you got this money.' It sort of scared me, like, his solemn voice, and I didn't dare tell nobody but the praste."

Every one wished to deify him. The people felt they had been unjust, and there was a general impulse to make up. A procession was formed that evening which went to his house, where they serenaded, shot off rockets, and made a great demonstration. Bro. Combie, however, did not make an appearance. The crowd began to call for him, "Crombie! Uncle Crombie! Crombie!" But still no Crombie. At length the crowd called upon me to hunt him up. He had been seen going home to supper, and had not been seen since, so we felt sure that he was in the house. I rang at the door; his colored servant answered my summons, but made no certain answer as to where his master was. I asked lawyer Jones to go with me and we searched the house. We knew that if we did not find him the crowd would anyhow, and might injure the furniture. At last we found him, not on the first nor on the second floor; but in the garrett behind the chimney. Jones and I shouted like boys playing hide-and-seek when we saw him, but as he turned his face toward us, we saw by the light of the lantern that his eyes were streaming with tears. We dragged him away though and brought him to the balcony. The crowd cheered and called for a speech as they saw him. He looked around and then said in a broken voice,

"My fellow citizens of this free Republic, I feel honored by this demonstration. I believe I did give some dimes to our flame-stricken fellow townsmen, come to think about it. I did not mean to have anyone know of it though. I was afraid it would make fuss, and I do hate fuss."

Here he paused a momont while the crowd cheered.

"I feel, though, that if you are going to honor anyone it is not me. I—it was—I would say it was may *partner* that told me to give——."

Then the crowd broke forth into wild cheering, let off more rockets, while half a dozen brass bands struck up, adding to the din. Bro. Crombie rushed away to his library, and fell upon the sofa sobbing like a child. I never felt so moved in my life, and I saw tears in Jones' eyes. Then Bro. Crombie rose, wiped his eyes and said huskily.

"Boys, I am an old fool. I shall not be so long. I am fifty-seven."

The crowd dispersed, but later in the evening our choir serenaded him, singing some soft, sweet songs. Then he asked them into his parlor where we spent an hour talking and laughing, and Crombie himself talked and laughed like a boy.

(To be continued.)

God's Mercies.

The topic for the prayer-meeting was "God's Mercies." The lesson was Ps. c. But what a subject this is for us to study; how many and manifold are the mercies of God to usward; how full and fine they are. They are given to us without stint. They are as countless as the stars that shine in the heavens above us, yet how complete. Like the promises, we could study them for a lifetime, and then not get anywhere near to their limit and extent. How often they are bestowed on us even as we are in need of them. How merciful are God's dealings with us. Gen. vi: 8, 12–14; vii: 1; viii: 1: xix: 17–22; Ps. ix: 13; x: 17; xxx: 10–12; xxxiii: 22; xl; 1–11; 2 Sam. xxiv: 14; Neh. ix: 19, 27, 28.

They are present in times of trouble and worry; at those times they give us relief. Ps. lvii: 1; li: 1; lxxix: 8; Dan. ix: 9; Ex. xxxiv: 6, 7; Deut. iv: 30, 31; Neh. ix: 17, 31; 2 Chron. xxx: 9.

There are fountains for us to draw from filled with a never-ceasing supply; we cannot drain them dry, for, as we go on our journey through this life to the promised haven of rest in heaven, we find these fountains willing up all along our pathway for us to drink from as we are in need. Heb. ii: 17; Ps. lvi: 1; lxxxvi: 3; Gen. xxiv: 27; Ex. xv: 13; 1 Kings iii: 6; Ps. lvii: 10; lxxxix: 2.

Let us now for a short time take up some of the different kinds of mercies and study them. We find a pardoning mercy. He stands ready to pardon us for all our sins, and without this pardoning mercy what could we do? Deut. xxxii: 43; xxi: 8; Ps. lxxxv: 1; xiv: 7; Jer. xxx: 18; xxxi: 23; Ezek. xxxix: 25; Ps. cii: 13.

Then comes the restraining mercy, to keep and guard us from falling away from him. Ps. lxxxvi: 5, 15; xxv: 10; Is. xlii: 6; Ps. lxxxix: 28; Is. lv: 3.

There is the guiding mercy, and when we are in doubt as to what to do and which way to take, all that we have to do is to go to the Bible and study his words, and we will find a sure and safe guide. Ps. xxxii: 8; lxxviii: 42; xxxi: 3; xlviii: 14; Is. lviii: 11; Ps. lxxiii: 24; Luke i: 79; John xvi: 3.

Also the comforting mercy; we can always find true comfort in going to Christ. He stands ready to give us aid and comfort, and he will do it when we ask him in true and humble trust in him. Ps. cxix: 76; Acts ix: 31; 2 Cor. i: 3, 4; Ps. xxiii: 4; lxxxvi: 17; Is. xlix: 13; Zech. i: 17.

Again, there is the gathering mercy. What a blessed one this is, that he gathers us around him, and we will be with him in glory in the mansions that he hath prepared for us: Ps. civ: 28; Ps. cvi: 47; cvii: 2, 3; Is. liv: 7; lvi: 8; lxvi: 18; Ju. xxix: 14; Matt. xxiii: 37; John xiv: 1–3. And the sustaining mercy, equal to the last, by which we are able to stand up against all the temptations and trials that beset us in this life, that will keep us firm and steadfast, for we are placed on the rock a sure and steadfast hope: Ps. xxxi: 3; lv: 3; Ps. xviii: 31; xxxiii: 46; Neh. ix: 21; Ps. xl: 2; vxvii: 5; Ps. lxi: 2.

Well could the Psalmist say in the one hundredth Psalm: "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord:" Ps. xcv: 1; xcviii: 4; xxxv: 9; Is xlix: 13; Ps. v: 11; Neh. xii: 43.

"Serve him with gladness; come before him with singing." For how could we do otherwise? Ps. ix: 2; xxxv: 2: xc: 14; xcvii: 1; 1st. Peter iv: 13; Ps. xcii: 4; Is. li: 3.

For by this do we truly know that he is God, that he hath made us, and that we are his, and the sheep of his pastures: Is xl: 11; Ps. cxix: 73: Ps. cxlix: 2; Eph. ii: 10; Ps. xcv: 7; Ezek. xxxiv: 30, 31; John x: 11.

How else could we come? Is it not his due, that when we enter his gates, that we do so with thanksgiving and praise, thanking him for a full heart for all his mercies, wonderful that they are? Is. li: 3; Ps. ix: 14; Ps. cxiii: 18–20; cxxii: 2; Is. lx: 11–18: Rev. xxii: 14; Rev. xxi: 12, 21, 25.

For he is good, and his mercies are everlasting, and his truth endureth to all generations, even for ever and ever, blessed be his name: Ps. xxv: 6; Ps lxxii: 19; cxxxiii: 8; Deut. xxxiii: 27; Ps. ciii: 17; Ps. civ: 31; 1st. Peter i: 25.

By his mercies that are showered upon us without limit we are shown the fulness and depth of his love towards us, and this is shown by his sending his son to die for us, that through this sacrifice we might be saved: Ps.xiii: 7; xvi: 11; John i: 16; Rom. xv: 24; Eph. i: 23; iv: 13; Col. 2, 9; Rom. viii: 39; xi: 33; Eph. iii: 18.

What more could he do than this? What more could he show than the cross on which his Son, our Saviour hung? And more glorious still, what more could be done, said, or shown than when the risen and glorified Saviour stands forth so that all may look and see the pierced hands, feet and side, seeing what has been done and borne for us, that we might be saved: Is. liii: 5; Ps. xxii: 16; Zech. xii: 10; John xix: 37; Rev. i: 7; John xx: 24–29; 2d Cor. v: 7; 1st Peter i: 18. Not through our own efforts, but through the immeasurable mercy of a loving and merciful father, and a willing and obedient son, our Saviour, in whom we hope and trust and have everlasting life.

O. C. POPE.

Mysteries of a Lump of Coal.

For years no one had supposed that a lump of soft coal, dug from its mine or bed in the earth, possessed any other purpose than that of fuel. It was next found that it would afford a gas which was combustible. Chemical analysis proved it to be made of hydrogen. In process of time mechanical and chemical ingenuity devised a mode of manufacturing this gas, and applying it to the lighting of buildings and cities on a large scale. In doing this, other products of distillation were developed, until, step by step, the following ingredients are extracted from it: An excellent oil to supply light-houses, equal to the best sperm oil, at lower cost; benzole, a light sort of etherial fluid which evaporates easily, and combined with vapor or moist air, is used for the purpose of portable gas-lamps; so-called naptha, a heavy fluid to dissolve gutta percha and India rubber; an excellent oil for lubricating purposes; asphaltum, which is a black, solid substance, used in making varnishes, covering roofs and covering over vaults; parafine, a white, crystalline substance, resembling white wax, which can be made into beautiful wax candles. It melts at a temperature of 110 degrees. and affords an excellent light. All these substances are now made from soft coal. —*Selected.*

About Ants.

The long and careful observations of Sir John Lubbock, in reference to the instincts and life of ants, have established many curious facts. They have made communities for good order, and industry, and cleanliness, and care for the common good. They can communicate freely with each other, and work together, or divide into sections, each attending to a special task, as intelligently as men. They know each other, and instantly detect a stranger; they never mistake one of their own number for a stranger, though he may have been separated from them for months. But they never attempt to liberate their friends when in confinement, or even to help them, save when wounded in battle. Sir John Lubbock took ants from several hills, and confined them in bottles covered with gauze, close by their homes. In no case did the ants pay any attention to them, or offer any help. But when he put strange ants in similar bottles, near the hills, the whole body were at once agitated. Some were on guard continually, and in every case they managed to penetrate the gauzes, and destroy the strangers. He concludes that hatred is stronger than affection in ant-life.

BEAT MY SHEEP.—A minister, rather given to such exercises, in a sermon had been flagellating his congregation, when an old man asked him on going, if he would not preach from the text, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, *Beat* my sheep." "No, no!" said the pastor, "you are mistaken, my brother. He said, 'Feed my sheep.'" "Ah, did He," said the old man, with a seaching look into the pastor's face, "I thought mebbe you read it, '*Beat* my sheep!'" The pastor saw the point, and the Baptist teacher that tells the story adds that that minister threw away the cudgel, and filled up his crib! There is a hint in that for teachers who are "under" pastors.—*National Sabbath School Teacher.*

BOTTLED CHOLERA.—A sample of water from the Sacred Well of Mecca has been analyzed, and found to be polluted by sewage to an extraordinary degree of disease-breeding filthiness. In fact, Prof. Frankland, who made the analysis, declares that it is nothing less than bottled cholera, and as this water is in great demand throughout Mohammedan countries, it is manifest that it is likely to be an active agent in the dissemination of disease.

MEMORIAL MEDALS.—The Director of the Mints has authorized the Superintendent of the Philadelphia Mint to strike memorial medals bearing the heads of President Lincoln and Garfield on opposite sides. The large sized gold medals will be sold for $9, small sized $4.50; large sized silver medals for 60 cents, small sized for 25 cents. Similar medals containing the head of President Garfield on one side and a wreath on the other have been authorized, and will be sold at the same prices.

For the PACIFIC.]

The Still Waters.

Silence, deep silence,
An ocean of infinite calm has flooded
My soul. So deep is the silent sea
That even my ruined hopes
Lie buried in fathomless peace.
So still is the fathomless deep,
That even my sleeping thoughts
Are hushed by the magical charm.

Silently, slowly,
As rolleth the desert mirage
In shimmering waves of tremulous light
O'er carcass-strewn, waterless wastes of death,
Till lo! "The desert becometh a pool,"
A lake, with emerald isles asleep on its breast,
An ocean encircling thy island of sand.

So, fair o'er the soul-scorching wastes
Of desolate years "to be,"
The waters of infinite silence roll
To the uttermost bounds of the past.
"The mirage, the desert mirage,"
I say to my soul, "for see, thou art
Still on the blistering sand, though
Infinite oceans roll round thee."

Silently, slowly
The waters draw nearer;
Nearer and nearer they roll to my soul;
They plash on my bark—the ark
Of God's promise—and gently
As mother e'er rocked her loved darling,
They rock me! they bear me!
My spirit is sweetly at rest,
Afloat on an ocean of infinite calm.

Silence, Heaven's silence,
The peace of a spirit at one with its God.
Oh, say is it this? Or only a lull
In the storm? a pause in the strife?
"Nay, doubt not," my soul; 'tis the silence
In which thou shalt hear the voice of thy God,
The infinite sea of thy Saviour's peace
On which thou shalt sail through the ages of ages.

HATTIE GULICK.

Gathered Treasures.

The slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient, if it produce amendment; the greatest is insufficient if it do not.—*Colton.*

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.—*Phillips Brooks.*

What can be a stronger motive to a firm trust and reliance on the mercies of our Maker, than the giving us His Son to suffer for us.—*Addison.*

No story is the same to us after the lapse of time; or, rather, we who read it are no longer the same interpreters.—"*Adam Bede.*"

We might enjoy much peace if we would not busy ourselves with the words and deeds of other men, which appertain not to our charge.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Nothing so increases one's reverence for others as a great sorrow to one's self. It teaches one the depths of human nature. In happiness we are are shallow, and deem others so.—*Charles Buxton.*

That is not the best sermon which makes the hearers go away talking to one another, and praising the speaker; but that which makes them go away thoughtful and serious and hastening to be alone.

Dr. R. S. Storrs attributes the religious languor, of which so much is said, to the increase of wealth, the decay of the home feeling which used to cluster about old homesteads, and the lack of parental influence

I sleep most sweetly when I have traveled in the cold; frost and snow are friends to the seed, though they are enemies to the flower. Adversity is indeed contrary to glory, but it befriendeth grace. —*Richard Baxter.*

He who sacrifices a whole offering shall be awarded for a whole offering; he who offers a burnt offering shall have the reward of a burnt offering; but he who offers humility to God and man shall be rewarded with a reward as if he had offered all the sacrifice in the world.—*The Talmud.*

Depend upon it, in the midst of all the science about the world and its ways, and all the ignorance of God and his greatness, the man or woman who can say, "Thy will be done," with the true heart of giving up, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist or theologian.—*George MacDonald.*

When Christ began to teach, he did not go to the conscience, and say, "Convict"; he did not go to the reverential faculty, and say, "Adore"; he did not go to the reason, and say, "Argue, speculate." He went directly to the heart, and said, "Love." In all his teachings, he never forgot this. It runs through all his words and acts, clinging to them, and making itself prominent, as a minor chord in music makes itself heard amid the rush of contending sounds by its clear quietness, and when the crash of the chorus has ceased, still clings to the atmosphere, as if unwilling to leave it; and you feel that clear, quiet strain has dominated by its very sweetness over all the other parts. —*Murray.*

It is daily life that tests us—the manner of men we are. It is not our prayers, it is not our profession, but it is the tone of daily intercourse and conduct that decides how we stand. The little homely graces; the cheerful, every-day amenities; the Christ-spirit uttering itself not so much in conscious act as in unconscious influence, not so much in deeds as in that subtile aroma, which, without name, exudes from the saintly soul to equals and inferiors, to agreeable and disagreeable, to rich, poor, ignorant, to young, to old; bearing burdens, accepting crosses, seeking no great thing to do, content to put self by and be servants of the lowest—these are fruits of only one root—fruits that none may counterfeit.—*Ware.*

The little German city of Klingberg, in lower Franconia, not only imposes no municipal tax, but every voter receives an annual dividend from the city treasury of a sum ranging from $22 50 to $25. The city recently celebrated the Sedan anniversary by giving every citizen 50 cents, with 50 cents extra to every soldier of the war with France.

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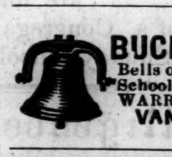

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Miscellany.

The Years Pass On.

"When I'm a woman, you'll see what I'll do!
I'll be great and good, and noble and true;
I'll visit the sick and relieve the poor—
No one shall ever be turned from my door;
But I'm only a little girl now."
And so the years pass on.

"When I'm older I'll have more time
To think of heaven and things sublime;
My time is now full of studies and play,
But I really mean to begin some day;
I am only a little girl now."
And so the years pass on.

"When I'm a woman," a gay maiden said,
"I'll try to do right and not be afraid;
I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys
Of the world with all its dazzling toys:
But I'm only a young girl now."
And so the years pass on.

"Ah, me!" sighed a woman, gray with years,
Her heart full of cares and doubts and fears,
"I've kept putting off the time to be good,
Instead of *beginning* to do as I should;
But I'm an old woman now."
And so the years pass on.

Now is the time to begin to do right;
To-day whether skies be dark or bright;
Make others happy by good deeds of love,
Looking to Jesus for help from above;
And then you'll be happy now,
And as the years pass on.

—*Religious Herald.*

Wrangel Land.

THE "CORWIN" IN AN ARCTIC RIVER—ACQUISITION TO THE NATIONAL DOMAIN.

STEAMER "CORWIN," }
OFF POINT BARROW, Aug. 16, 1881. }

Four days ago a notable addition was made to the national domain, for, on the 12th of this month, Capt. C. L. Hooper landed on Wrangle Land, and took formal possession of it in the name of the United States.

The extent of the territory thus acquired is not definitely known, nor is likely to be for many a century, or until some considerable change has taken place in the polar climate, rendering the new land more attractive and more accessible. For at present even its southmost portion is almost constantly beset with ice of a kind that renders it all but inaccessible during both the winter and the summer, while to the northward it extends far into the heart of the frozen ocean, hopelessly beyond the reach of the navigator.

The mysterious country, which was so long and faithfully searched for in vain 60 years ago by Wrangle, by command of the Emperor of Russia, and which was dimly and uncertainly seen by Kellet in 1849, and by whalers from time to time under favorable conditions of the ice and weather, and even by the natives at long intervals, from high ground near Cape Jakan, on the coast of Siberia, was first landed on by a party from the *Corwin*. Also during her present cruise about 120 miles of the coast has already been traced and definitely located around from the southwest cape to the eastward and northward, while the land has been seen stretching indefinitely northward beyond this surveyed portion for perhaps 100 miles or more, thus making about 220 miles of coast line that has been seen thus far.

We landed near the southeast cape, at the mouth of a river, in latitude 71° 4′, longitude 177° 40′ 30″.

TRYING TO FORCE THROUGH THE ICE.

After cruising along the Siberian coast for a few days, and calling at the Cape Wankeran village to procure as many as possible of the articles taken by the natives from the wreck of one of the lost whalers, we found ourselves once more on the edge of Wrangle ice, and once more in dense fog on the morning of August 9th. A huge white bear came swimming through the drizzle and gloom and black heaving waves towards the ship as we lay at anchor, guided doubtless by scent. He was greeted by a volley of rifle balls, no one of which injured him, however, and fortunately he could not be pursued. The fog lasted in dismal thickness until 1 o'clock on the morning of the 11th, when we once more saw the hills and dales of Wrangle Land hopefully near. We discovered a lead that enabled us to approach within perhaps 15 miles of the nearest portion of the coast. At times we thought ourselves much nearer, when the light falling favorably would bring out many of the smaller features such as the subordinate ridges on the faces of the mountains and hills, and the small dimpling hollows with their different shades of color, furrows that seemed the channels of small streams, and the peculiar rounded outlines due to glacial action. Then pushing eagerly through the huge drifting masses toward the nearest cape, judging by the distinctness of its features, it would suddenly seem to retreat again into the blue distance, and some other point catching the sunlight would be seen rising grandly across the jagged hummocky ice-plane, relieved against the blue shadowy portions to right and left as a background. It was not long, however, after tracing one lead after another, and coming always to a stand-still with the ship's prow against ice of enormous thickness, before we were forced to the conclusion that all efforts made hereabouts would now be in vain. The ice did not seem to have been broken or moved in any way for years. We turned, therefore, and made our way back to open water with difficulty and steamed along the edge of the pack to the northeastward. After a few hours run we found the ice more promising, showing traces of having been well crushed and pounded, enabling us to bear gradually in towards the land through a wedge-shape lead about 20 miles in lenght. At 5:30 P. M. we were again brought to a stand-still against heavy ice, but this time within about five miles of the shore. We now felt pretty sure that we would be able to make a landing here, and the questions that we wanted to put to this land of mystery came thronging to mind. This is perhaps the most likely place to find traces of the *Jeanette* expedition in case any portion of this country was reached. Would we find such traces? Had the country any human inhabitants? Would we find reindeer or musk oxen? What birds shall we find, plants, rocks, streams, etc.? We intended to walk the five miles of ice, dragging a light skin-covered boat with us to cross any open spot that we might come to, but ere we could set off the fog began to settle gloomily down over the land and we determined to wait until the next morning, and in the meantime steam back out of the narrow ice-jammed throat of the lead a few miles to a safer position in case the ice should close upon us. Just as we turned from our nearest point of approach we fired a cannon to stir the echoes among the hills and give notice of our presence, in case anybody was near to listen.

SUCCESS AT LAST—THE CORWIN ANCHORS IN FRESH WATER.

Next morning steaming ahead once more to the end of our water-line, we were rejoiced to find that, though there was now eight or ten miles of ice separating us from the shore, it was less firmly packed, and our little vessel made a way through it without difficulty, until we were within two miles of the shore, when we found the craggy blocks extremely hard and wedged closely, but a patch of open water near the beech, now plainly in sight, tempted us to continue the struggle, and with the throttle thrown wide open the barrier was forced, and by 10 o'clock A. M., the *Corwin* was riding at anchor less than a cable's length from a dry gravel bar, stretching in front of the mouth of a river. The long battle we had fought with the ice was now fairly won, and neither the engine nor the hull of the ship seemed to have suffered any appreciable damages from the terrible shocks and strains they had undergone.

A TRAMP INLAND.

Going inland, along the left bank of the river, we found it much larger than it at first appeared to be. There was no snow on the lowlands, or any of the hills or mountains in sight, excepting the remnants of heavy drifts; nevertheless, it was still about 75 yards wide, 12 feet deep, and was flowing on with a clear, stately current, at a speed of about three miles an hour. While the snow is melting it must be at least 200 yards wide and 20 feet deep, and its sources must lie well back in the in the interior of the country.

NO TRACE OF THE JEANNETTE.

Not the slightest trace, however, could we find along the river, along the shore, or on the bluff to the northeastward, of the *Jeannette* party, or any human inhabitant. A land more severely solitary could hardly be found anywhere on the face of the globe.—*John Muir, in the Bulletin.*

Seth Green's Soider Story.

If you anchor a pole in a body of water and put a spider upon it, he will exhibit marvelous intelligence by his plans to escape. At first he will spin a web several inches long and hang to one end while he allows the other to float off in the wind, in the hope it will strike some object. Of course this plan proves a failure; but the spider is not discouraged. He waits until the wind changes, and then sends another silken bridge floating off in another direction. Another failure is followed by several other similar attempts, until all of the points of the compass have been tried. But neither the resources nor the reasoning powers of the spider are exhausted. He climbs to the top of the pole and energetically goes to work to construct a silken balloon. He has no hot air with which to inflate it, but he has the power of making it buoyant. When he gets his balloon finished he does not go off upon the mere supposition that it will carry him, as most men do, but he fastens it to a guy rope, the other end of which he attaches to the island pole upon which he is a prisoner. He then gets into his aerial vehicle while it is made fast, and tests to see whether its dimensions are capable of the work of bearing him away. He often finds that he has made it too small, in which case he hauls it down, takes it apart, and constructs it on a larger and better plan. A spider has been seen to make three different balloons before he became satisfied with his experiment. Then he will get in, snap the guy rope and sail away to land as gracefully and as supremely independent of his surroundings as could well be imagined.

Quill Pens.

An advertisement in a morning paper for an experienced quill pen cutter called out an interview with the only quill pen importer and manufacturer in this city. He said that twenty years ago there were several quill pen makers here and in other cities. Now one in Philadelphia and himself are all that he knows. Quill pens are used mainly by old lawyers and judges, partly from custom, but chiefly because they are easy to write with. Most of the quills come from Russia. The Russian goose has a harder quill than our geese. An unclarified pen from the Russian goose is the most durable. The German quills have the best plumage. A two-dozen box of good quills will last two or three months easily for a man who knows how to mend his own pens.

The instrument used in pen making is the ordinary blade of the penknife, inserted firmly into a wooden handle of peculiar shape, tapering to a point. A pen is made with two cuts or three. The blunt end of the buill is first cut off, because it is not tough. Then the point of the handle is inserted, and the quill is carefully split for a certain distance. Two slashing cuts then from the nib, and the pen is done. The plumage is neatly trimmed.

Swan quills are sometimes used for pens, but are very much more expensive than the common goose quill. Quill pens are sold at retail for about three shillings a dozen. The demand is steady, such as it is, but it is growing less year by year.—*Scientific American.*

Pork and Beans for One.

A lady on a Central railroad train, after depositing numerous bundles in the rack overhead the seat, hung her umbrella on the cord connecting with the air-brakes. A newsboy passing through the car noticed the suspended gingham, and politely informed the innocent owner that she must remove it.

"What's the string for if it ain't to hang things on?" inquired the old lady, as she dropped the umbrella into the seat.

The boy answered, in all earnestness, "It's to call a waiter when you're hungry," and passed on.

Some time after there was a vigorous pulling of the air-brake cord, and the train came to a standstill. The conductor rushed up to the old lady, and, in a tone of amazement, exclaimed, "What's the matter?"

"Bring me a plate of pork and beans," drawled out the ancient female with the umbrella, not in the least aware that she had stopped the train.

An explanation followed, and the joking newsboy did not venture forth from the baggage car during the remainder of the trip.—*Albany Journal.*

The story has a sequel. On reaching Albany this exceedingly verdant old lady found her darling twelve-year-old granddaughter waiting for her. They were soon seated in a horsecar, umbrella and all, when Milly inquired—

"What are you smiling at—besides me and the getting home again, you dear grandma? Do you know something funny?"

"Rather," responded grandma, dryly.

Then followed an explanation of the "explanation," giving a new version of a joke mistakenly supposed to be all on one side.

"The young rascal!" laughed grandma, "to insult a person of my years with such a piece of information. I'd half a mind to pull his ears, but I sat still and thought how to show up his goings on. 'Mr. Conductor,' says I, as sober as a judge, 'a plate of pork and beans—plenty of pork. And I'll be obleeged if you'll hurry it up, for I ate breakfast at daylight. and haven't had but a sandwich since.' 'Madam!' says he, amazed. 'It's accordin' to what the chap yonder with the yellow-covered literatoor told me,' says I again. 'Mebby he's here to sell travelers as well as trash, hey? But what on airth is the cars stopped for?—I'm afeard it's a smash up!'"

Grandma was obliged to pause in her narration to laugh, then she suddenly exclaimed—

"There's my brave joker now—in the corner!"

By that time the newsboy wasn't in the corner. Sitting next Milly, by accident, he had heard every word. At a bound he was on the platform, the next took him into the street.

"Has he been pocket-picking? Stop thief!" he heard cried after him as he ran from the car for dear life.

"O, no, no, thank ye, sirs," said grandma, whereupon half-a-dozen men resumed their seats satisfied; "'twas only a matter of a rude, boyish prank, and I guess he thinks I'm even with him, as I certain shall be when it all gets into the newspapers."

* * *

Secretary Blaine said to a reporter: "I never earned the gout. I never drank a glass of spirits in my life, yet I must endure the agonies of the gout because my jolly old British ancestors denied themselves nothing."

Mr. Hoyle has prepared statistics which show that during the ten years ending 1879 the people of Ireland spent on an average each year over $65,000,000 for intoxicating liquor, which is $11,500,000 in excess of the rental of the land. The statistican says: "It will need no superior intellect to see that, if a reduction of the rent burden would prove so highly beneficial, even greater benefits would result from the abolition of the drink burden."

Ex-Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, has spent a fortune of twelve million dollars in twenty years. He has "sown to the wind," he is "reaping the whirlwind." Once an acknowledged leader of social and political life, now a poor, degraded, base sensualist, who can stoop to attempt to dishonor the name of the mother of his children, because she could not longer endure his drunken brutality. He has perfect "personal liberty."—*Signal.*

The funeral procession for President Garfield in Chicago cost $2,000, that which attended the remains of President Lincoln cost $13,000. An investigation into the reasons of the difference shows how freely liquors were used at public expense sixteen years ago.

* * *

Oh, let us have a *whole-hearted* Christianity, one so deep and boundless in its love and resources that we shall be able to uproot infidelity by the very force of power within ourselves. (Eph. iii: 20, 21.)

T. J. M.

* * *

Let our lives so full of sweetness be, so full of gratitude and praise, that there shall be no room for sullen discontent. Let our hearts, so full of love and joy, be filled so full of service, glad and free, that there will be no room for doubts and shadows, dark and drear. Let *every avenue* be filled, and all our being, heart, and soul united in a bond so strong to Him that all the powers of earth and hell combined shall fail to break in sunder.

T. J. M.

* * *

Robert South puts a practical truth thus: "It is most certain that ill tongues would be silent if ill ears were not open, and hence it was an apposite saying of the ancients that the teller and hearer of slander should both be hanged, the one by the tongue and the other by the ears."

DREAD OF DEATH.—Age, that lessens our enjoyment of life, increases our desire for living. Those dangers which, in the vigor of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear at last becomes the prevailing passion of the mind, and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence. Whence, then, is this increased love of life which grows upon us with our years? Whence comes it that we should make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a time when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? It is that nature, attractive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wish to live, while she lessens our enjoyment; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to the old man who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigor of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him with his own hand to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial, and life acquires an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.—*Goldsmith.*

* * *

EATING IN THE WEST INDIES.—Strange as it may seem at first sight, everybody in the West Indies eats very large meals. The climate is so hot that you must take food freely to make up losses, and the appetite has to be stimulated by a great variety of dishes, as well as by the copious use of those very insidious capsicums, and the still more delicious little red and yellow bird-peppers. A few of these tempting fruits are placed in salt cellars at every meal, and with the bright tropical flowers which invariably garnish the table in pretty specimen vases, they give a general air of pleasant esthetic refinement to the whole arrangements. Breakfast is a really solid and substantial repast, usually put off till half-past 10 or 11 o'clock, the pangs of pressing hunger being stilled before the early morning canter by a cup of coffee in the bedroom. With it sometimes comes a cassava-cake, one of the best Jamaica institutions, made by the negro villagers from the roughly-scraped meal of the arrow-root plant. This meal is rolled into a thin paste, and then baked hard and dry into round cakes, about the thickness of a Scotch oatmeal bannock, but much more delicate in taste.—*Belgravia.*

* * *

GOOD SUGGESTIONS.—Always tell the truth; you will find it easier than lying.

Always do a kind act in a kind way; to do it otherwise destroys all its value.

Whatever you dislike in another, correct in yourself.

Better be upright with poverty than wicked with plenty.

Time never rests heavily on us when it is well employed.

Do your duty in that station of life in which God in his providence has placed you.

Mind your own business.

* * *

At Chautauqua, the other day, a little girl was asked if she was a Methodist. "Oh! no!" she replied. "I am a Brethren, and my mother is a Brethren, too." These were of the United Brethren. At Montreal one of the Plymouth Brethren was asked why they never spoke of the Plymouth *Sisters* "Oh!" was his answer, "the Brethren embrace the Sisters."

* * *

Mr. Fletcher U. Harper, a member of the extensive publishing house of Harper & Brothers, in this city, died recently in the thirty-fifth year of his age. Mr. Harper entered the business in 1870 as a simple type-setter, according to the rules of the firm that all connected with it should have a practical knowledge of every detail of the business. Next he entered the counting-room as a clerk, and he passed from one grade to another until 1877, when he was taken ill with diphtheria. His health became much broken and his time has since been occupied in the effort to regain it. He leaves a widow and three children, having been married in 1872.

* * *

Tuesday last, 125 mail-pouches filled with internal revenue stamps were sent out from the Internal Revenue Bureau at Washington. The shipment was the largest ever known in the history of the bureau. There were in the pouches 18,000,000 stamps, whose face value was $2,394,000. Most of these were for the tobacco trade.

* * *

The White House will not be in good order until about the middle of winter. It is understood that the President will continue at Senator Jones' residence till the end of the called session, when it is probable he will take up his residence in the cottage attached to the Soldiers' Home, where President Lincoln resided during the War.

* * *

Jehovah, the infinite, supreme, is ours; he holds the universe within his hands. He speaks; all nations tremble at his word; and yet he holds the tiny flower that droops its head beneath the raging storm; and we, so weak and helpless in ourselves, may grasp his hand. Yea, more, may have around us thrown such strength and power that we shall have no fear.

T. J. M.

* * *

Sowing in tears, reaping in joy. Dost thou not hear thy Father's voice, poor, weary child? The sufferings, so hard to bear, will work for you a far exceeding weight of joy. And when above the storms of life your soul is freed from this poor tenement of clay, He'll gird himself and wait on you, and with his own, dear, loving hand wipe all your tears away.

T. J. M.

* * *

Jones, on hearing a band of picked musicians torturing a tune at a recent concert, said: "Oh, I understand; they were Sicked before they were ripe!"—*Boston Post.*

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE REMEDIES IN THE WORLD FOR THE CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, and

Every affection of the

THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST,

including

CONSUMPTION.

A WELL-KNOWN PHYSICIAN WRITES:

"It does not dry up a cough, and leave the cause behind, as is the case with most preparations, but loosens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of complaint."

DO NOT BE DECEIVED by articles bearing similar names. Be sure you get

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY,

with the signature of "I. BUTTS" on the wrapper.

50 Cents and $1.00 a Bottle.

Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Boston, Mass. Sold by druggists and dealers generally.

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W. H. STENNETT, G. P. A., Chicago.
J. MEREDITH DAVIES, Gen'l Ag't, S. F.

1810. 1881.

SEVENTY-FIRST ANNUAL STATEMENT

....OF THE....

HARTFORD

Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - $1,250,000.00.

ABSTRACT OF STATEMENT JAN. 1st, 1881

ASSETS.

Cash on hand, in Bank, and Cash Items,	$ 258,174 43
Cash in hands of Agents and in course of Transmission	225,637 91
Notes and Accrued Interest	25,933 03
Real Estate Unencumbered	641,175 60
Loans on Bond and Mortgage (1st lien)	736,800 00
Loans on Collateral Security	371,732 50
Bank Stock, Hartford, Marke Value	370,516 00
Bank Stock, New York, Market Value	241,895 00
Bank Stock, Boston, Market Value	75,881 50
Bank Stock, Albany & Montreal, Market Value	77,892 50
Railroad Stocks	25,700 00
State, City and Railroad Bonds	326,585 00
United States Bonds	283,456 00
	$3,761,379 47

SUMMARY.

Cash Capital	1,250,000 00
Reserve for Re-insurance	1,189,217 01
All Outstanding Claims	144,224 76
NET SURPLUS OVER ALL	1,177,937 70
SURPLUS AS TO POLICY-HOLDERS	2,427,937 70

GEO. L. CHASE, - - President.
C. B. WHITING, - Secretary.

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
A. P. FLINT, - - Manager.

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The store formerly occupied by Greenhood Bros. I have just opened a splendid new stock of Boots and Shoes, direct from the best Eastern and California makers. All goods warranted as represented, and prices the lowest the market affords. Having met with good success at my Washington street store, it will be continued with a full stock of the best Boots and Shoes, and sold at very low prices. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

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The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

News Summary.

Pacific Coast.

CITY.

The incoming Australian steamer is said to have half-a-million dollars in fine gold. But little specie is expected on the one to follow.

Farmers in all the upper grain-growing counties are very busy at present. Times are lively, and the business outlook has not been so good for some years.

The British ship *Compadre*, which arrived on Friday, was 304 days from Liverpool to this port, having sailed from Liverpool on December 21st of last year.

The C. P. R. R. will soon build seven new engines for local trains in Oakland. They will be ten wheelers, and of heavy pattern. All the work will be done in the Sacramento shops.

Up to noon last Friday, thirty fire-alarms had been struck off since the 1st inst. The greatest number of alarms sounded in one month since the organization of this city was in July last, when seventy-five alarms were turned in.

The lunch in aid of the Women's and Children's Hospital at Platt's Hall last week was a very creditable affair every way. The ladies in charge did well, and realized handsomely from their work. It was good to be there and see a part of this noble work.

STATE AND COAST.

It is calculated that California will export upwards of 1,200,000 tons of wheat during the present season.

STOCKTON, October 21st.—During the month of September last 123 transfers of real estate property were recorded in this city, aggregating a specified valuation of $300,000. The transactions in October will equal if not exceed the above number and amount.

The following subscriprions have been made for the Home of Aged Women in Oakland: Governor Perkins $1,000, Mrs. Charles Crocker $1,000, A. K. P. Harmon $1,000, Captain Ainsworth $1,000, A. Chabot, $1,000, Charles de Fremery $1,000, Captain Simpson $1,000, Edgar Mills $1,000, Dr. Samuel Merritt $1,000.

Lauren E. Crane, expert of the books and accounts of the State Prisons, has finished his task, and reports the books and accounts well kept and correct. He believes the system of book-keeping adopted to be admirable and to facilitate investigation of the financial business of the management of the prison. If there had been any fraud he thinks he would have discovered it.

Eastern.

There areat least ten thousand persons employed in New York city and vicinity in the hottest days of summer working on furs.

If the way to heaven be narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be strait, it opens into endless life.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

During the past nine months, the number of deaths in New York city exceeded those of the corresponding period of a year ago by 4,715.

There are 70 window-glass manufactories in this country, and 27 are located in New Jersey, having a capital of $6,000,000 invested in them.

Edison is reported by the *Rubber Era* to hold $5,000,000 worth of stocks in the various companies formed to introduce his incandescent light.

The inflow of emigrants for the first nine months of this year was 342,916, against 252,701 during the corresponding period of 1880.

It is one of the sad conditions of life, that experience is not transmissable. No man will learn from the sufferings of another; he must suffer himself.

The fund for Mrs. Garfield, according to last reports, amounts to nearly $337,000, of which $275,000 has been invested in 4 per cent. government bonds.

President Van Buren is said to have made his first summing up in a lawsuit at the age of 18, and to have received the sum of half a dollar for his services.

The eminent Frenchmen and Germans who participated in the Yorktown celebration were greatly honored, and must feel that republics are not ungrateful. It was a magnificent patriotic display.

In the duel between Riddleberger and Wise, two fools down in old Virginia, Wise did not riddle-berger, nor did Riddleberger riddle Wise, nor otherwise; so now they are good friends.

The great activity in railroad building continues in the United States. While 7,000 miles were built in 1879, it is estimated that 18,000 miles will be completed this year, and still a larger number in 1882.

Mr. Edison has constructed a dynamo machine of 12 magnets of 180 horse-power, having a capacity for 1,000 or more of his electric lights, the largest ever erected before being 60 or 100-light power.

INSURANCE GAMBLING.—Gov. Hoyt of Pennsylvania, has notified Insurance Commissioner Foster that he will not issue any more letters patent to mutual insurance companies, their business, in his opinion, not being conducted legally.

PEABODY FUND.—Mr. A. J. Drexel has been elected one of the Trustees of the Peabody Educational fund, in place of George W. Riggs, the Washington banker, deceased. Among the Trustees are ex-Presidents Grant and Hayes, Hon. Hamilton Fish, Hon. William M. Evarts, Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

The *Watchman*, in noting the fact that railroad trains entering or leaving Boston are now allowed to use the steam-whistle only as a special warning of danger, to the sensible relief of that community, asks why the restriction should be made in the exclusive interest of Boston? The people, not only the sick but the healthy, along the lines, where passing locomotives make night hideous by their screaming and howling, would hail such a prohibitory law.

Foreign.

The Methodist Ecumenical Conference in London, voted, on adjournment, to meet in this country in 1887.

There are now twenty-one dukes in the British peerage; precisely the same number there was one hundred years ago.

The centenary of the birth of Froebel, who originated the idea of Kindergaten schools, will be celebrated at Dresden next April.

The 300th anniversary of the annexation of Siberia to Russia is soon to be celebrated at Irkutsk and other cities of Asiatic Russia.

The entire property of the Moravian mission among the Caffres in South Africa, valued at $20,000, was destroyed in the war among the native tribes.

The Congregational Union of England and Wales in session at Manchester, tendered hearty thanks to the English and American Revisers of the New Testament.

In his proposed treaty with the King of Ashantee, the Governor of the Gold Coast, West Africa, insists that human sacrifices shall be utterly abolished in his kingdom.

Mr. Gladstone is now, it is said, astonishing his friends by appearing in eye-glasses of the ancient sort, with large black horn rims and a large black cord to match.

Last week the police at Frankfort-on-the-Main seized and confiscated all posters and bills in restaurants which gives information to those intending to emigrate to America.

So popular have the Pullman railroad cars become on the London and Brighton railroad, that the directors now proposed to run a train each way daily, composed entirely of them.

Capt. McMickan, of the Cunard steamer Bothnia, recently completed his 300th trip across the Atlantic, having travelled on it 936,000 miles, having had charge of over 60,000 passengers, of whom 18,000 were first-class.

Secretary Blaine has received a communication from our Minister at Paris on the condition of the French crops. Mr. Morton says that the yield will probably exceed that of 1879, but will fall short of last year's yield.

The American Chapel in Rue de Berri, Paris, of which Rev. Dr. Hitchcock is pastor, where American Christians traveling abroad have enjoyed so many delightful Sabbaths, has recently been repaired and greatly improved.

MINISTER SOLD OUT.—The effects of the Rev. Mr. Rennie, a United Presbyterian minister, were sold by public auction at Glasgow, Scotland, last month, for refusing to pay an assessment levied for repairs on Monkton Established Church manse. The furniture was bought by the South Ayrshire Disestablishment Association.

The colored bishops were at once the objects of cordiality and curiosity in the Methodist Ecumenical Conference in London. When it came their turn to speak they won recognition as among the best orators in the large and representative body, and acquitted themselves, indeed, like men.

The Emperor William has just received from his grandson, Prince Henry, a letter conveyed to him in a curious fashion. It was brought to Klitmollen on the west coast of Jutland by a tiny boat two and one-half feet long, and one foot broad. The boat is called the *Sea-Messenger*, and was dispatched by the Duke of Edinburgh from the Scottish coast on July 24th. Unaided by any human or machine power, it mde its way alone across the water, and was picked up on August 19th.

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WHEAT—No. 1, $1.75 to 1.77½ per ctl. No. 2. $1.67½ to 1.72½.

BARLEY—Feed, $1.40 to 1.45 cents; Chevalier, $1.50 to 1.57½ for choice bay; brewing, $1.55 to 1.65 per ctl.

RYE—$2.80 per ctl

OATS—Good to choice, $1.45 to 1.60; Surprise, $1.62.

FEED — Bran, $22.50 ground barley, $33; middlings, $28.00 oil cake, $20,00 per ton.

HOPS—26 to 30c for good.

CALIFORNIA ONIONS—Silverskins, 50 to 80c per ctl.

POTATOES—$1.00 to 1.40 in sacks. Sweet potatoes, 75 to 87½c per cental.

FRUIT—Lemons, $2½ to 3½ per box for Cala.; Strawberries, $5.00 to 8.00 a chest; Apples, 30c to $1.00 per box; Pears, 50c to $1; Grapes, 40c to 75c per box.

VEGETABLES—Cabbage, 50 to 75c per ctl.; Cauliflower, $1.00 per doz.; Turnips, 75c per. ctl.; Green Peas, 3 to 4c per lb.; Tomatoes, 15 to 35c per box; Green corn 10 to 12½ per doz.

HAY—$8.00 to 14.00 for all grades. Straw 40 to 45 per bale.

WOOL—San Joaquin, fair, 12 to 14c.

BUTTER—Good to choice, 35 to 45c.

CHEESE—Cal. 13 to 15c.

EGGS—Fresh laid, 40 to 45c per doz. for Cala.

HONEY—Comb, 15 to 20c; Strained, 10c. 11c for white.

BEEF—First quality, 5½ to 7c; inferior, 4c to 4½ per lb.

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MUTTON—Wethers, 4½ to 5c; Ewes, 4 to 4½c per lb.

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(6) **Keraulophon**, 3oct.
(7) ÆOLINE, 3 oct.
(8) DULCIANA, 3 oct.
(9) **Vox Argentine**, 3oct
(10) CELESTINA, 3 oct.
(11) PIANO, 3 oct.
(12) MELODIA, 2 oct.
(13) **Diapason**, 2 oct.
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Y. M. C. A.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Board of Directors, held in the parlors of the Association, last Thursday afternoon, it being the first meeting after the annual election, the following gentlemen were re-elected as officers of the Board for the ensuing year: A. B. Forbes, President; R. B. Forman, 1st Vice-President; A. R. Baldwin, 2d Vice-President; H. W. Severence, Recording Secretary; Prentiss Selby, Treasurer. The reports from the various departments of the work were very encouraging, and Mr. McCoy's methods of work were heartily endorsed by the Board. Nearly every branch of the work is now organized and in successful operation.

The noon-day prayer-meetings are full of interest. A brother in requesting prayers last Thursday said: "A young lawyer, for whom we prayed a few weeks ago, has been converted and is about to join a church of Christ." A father writes from London, England, thanking the Association for leading his boy to Christ; and so the encouraging reports come in and the good work goes on. The Oakland and San Francisco Associations are to unite in a reunion Thursday evening of this week, at the building of the latter. The following are the privileges offered to all sustaining members of the Association, and we should advise all young men to identify themselves with the organization at once. Classes in the following branches will be organized this winter, commencing Nov. 1st, closing May 1st, viz: Vocal music, Elocution, French, German, Bookkeeping and Phonography. All persons holding sustaining memberrship tickets, which cost but $5 a year, will be entitled to enter any or all of the above classes; also the free use of the Reading Rooms, Library, Parlors, free admission to lectures, concerts and receptions in the membership course, and use of the Gymnasium with free instruction. Young men who are members of Evangelical churches may become active sustaining members, and young men and women of good moral character (whether church members or not) may become associate sustaining members on the same terms of the active, and with the same privileges except voting and holding office. Any one wishing to join can do so by applying at the Building, 232 Sutter Street, any time during the day or evening.

* * *

The discussion of "The Christian Religion," by Col. Ingersoll and Judge Black, which was commenced in the August number of the *North American Review*, is continued in the November issue of that publication. Col. Ingersoll now replies to the strictures of his opponent. An early number of the Review will contain an exhaustive reply. In a Symposium on Presidential Inability, four of our most eminent jurists, Judge Thomas M. Cooley, the Hon. Lyman Trumbull, Prof. Theodore W. Dwight, and Gen. B. F. Butler, discuss the several weighty problems arising out of Article 2 of the Constitution. "England's Hereditary Republic" is the title of a significant paper contributed by the Marquis of Blandford, and Senator George F. Hoar writes a statesmanlike article on "The Appointing Power" of the President of the United States.

* * *

Harper's Magazine for November, concluding the sixty-third volume, is a number of rare excellence. It opens with a very interesting article, by W. H. Rideing, entitled "In Cornwall with an Umbrella." W. W. Thomas, Jr., contributes a graphic account of two weeks' recreation and sport in the woods of Canada, which is beautifully illustrated. In the second installment of his "Journalistic London," Joseph Hatton describes the London *Times* building, and gives a history of that paper, with an interesting account of the careers of the late Mr, Delane and his successor, Mr. Chenery, as editors. Thomas Hughes contributes an interesting sketch of the late Dean Stanley.

* * *

THE PACIFIC BANK.—Among the dividend paying banks of this city, none is more worthy of mention than the Pacific Bank, corner Sansome and Pine streets, San Francisco. This bank has not failed to pay its regular dividend for many years, and since its commencement in 1863, has gained steadily in public favor and prosperity, until it is now one of the formost banks. Its capital is $1,000,000 and surplus over $450,000, a sufficient guarentee for all those desirous of availing themselves of its confidence and trust. The bank always takes a prudent and conservative course, and under its present able management, offers to the merchant and farmer a place to transact their business, not excelled by any similar institution in this city.

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As the Holiday season is coming on apace, we notice that our merchants, in anticipation of an increased trade, are laying in a larger and finer stock thau heretofore. Especially is this the case in the fancy goods and artistic trade, and nowhere have we seen a greater improvement than at the Art Rooms of Albert G. Nye, whose advertisement appears in another column. He has completely refitted his store, and a large part of his stock is entirely new—especially Artists' Materials and Studies for Copying. The Alpine flowers and scenery, done in water colors, by foreign artists, are perfect marvels of beauty, so true to life are they. He also has American flowers, and some very pretty landscapes in oil colors, for copies. In fact, we find he has everything required by artists and amateurs, either in the line of business or pleasure. We advise our readers to visit his place at their earliest convenience, or communicate with him by letter, as he assures us that he attends to written orders with as much care as when customers are present.

* * *

Ng Gay—a member of Bethany Church—has shown us some fine samples of brooms of his own manufacture. He learned his trade at the factory of Charles Howe, and afterwards worked for Thomas Ward and B. Copson. He is now established in business for himself at the southeast corner of Commercial and Dupont Streets (No. 716 Dupont St.) and is doing work which cannot be surpassed for thoroughness and beauty. Give him a call.

* * *

The *American Agriculturist* for November 1st contaius more than its usual choice selection of valuable practical articles. There is a full measure of Household matter, and the Boys' and Girls Columns are crowde with valuable juvenile reading. Terms, $1.50 a year, 15 cents a copy. Orange Judd & Co., publishers, New York.

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INTERESTING TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—The secret of the success of some housekeepers in always managing to bring out from their resources so many tempting and palatable dishes, which lead the inexperienced and new beginners to envy them, and desire to emulate them, is because they know how in purchasing their supplies, to make everything tell. Such housekeepers invariably buy the Canned Goods and other manafactures of King, Morse & Co., because experience has taught them that that is a firm that values their reputation so highly, that only the best of goods ever bear their labels upon them, for the most scrupulous care is taken in every dapartment of their establishment in the packing of these goods, and they are not afraid to guarantee their manufactures.

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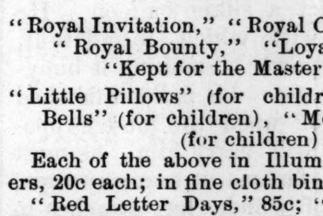

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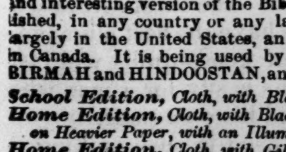

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